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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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[For The Pacific.]

Trust.

The snow bird sings his winter song
On branches brown and bare,
And he never stops to wonder
How he's going to fare,
But trills his happy morning lay
Out on the frosty air,
And leaves, with one who loveth him,
The future and its care.

The spider spins her slender thread,
And swingeth to and fro
In the cool and dewy night-time
When the sun has sunken low,
And never thinks the thread may break;
She seemeth well to know
He who upholds the universe
Will show her where to go.

And shall we, his chosen children,
Distrust his love and care
Because clouds sometimes gather
And hide the stars so fair?
Don't we know they are still shining
Although we cannot see,
And that he who traced their pathway
Careth for you and me?

L. M. H.

FROM THE OLD BAY STATE.

By Rev. Dr. George F. Magoun.

THE CHASTISEMENT OF OUR PEACE.

The old translators selected a good word for the sufferings of Christ, as bringing us peace. Punishment does not naturally bring peace of mind. It can quell rebellion and crime. But the rebel or criminal whose open conflict with lawful government is brought to an end thereby, is left in a sullen mood. He draws a sort of self-justification from the fact that the powers that be, to whom he would not render due obedience, have secured the alternative penalty. Only in those rare cases where conscience leads the offender to offer himself for punishment, and he takes moral satisfaction in bearing it, is the inward result peace. And if, on the contrary, he eludes justice, and another, in consequence, suffers what ought to have been inflicted on him, he can never escape self-accusation.

We never read Isaiah liii, therefore, without being glad that the scholars to whom King James assigned the task did not make the fifth verse say the *punishment* of our peace instead of "the chastisement." Besides the ethical and theological objections that readily occur, there are grave practical ones. In an age when no such clear distinction was made between punishment and chastisement as is now made, the choice might easily have fallen upon the former word. Bishop Butler, even, who knew well the difference between the two ideas, uses the former in the sense of the latter. But if it had been used in Isaiah liii: 5, objection to the atonement, as unjust in punishing the innocent, would have been notably strengthened. Christian minds, on the other hand, would not and could not have found comfort in the doctrine and fact as they do. The unspeakable joy and strength which come to us from the absolute unity of Father and Son on the vicarious sacrifice, the one chastising, the other cheerfully accepting it, would have been wanting. Nay, we should be tempted to think of the Son as the unwilling victim of misplaced and unjust wrath, as the Scripture—showing of their agreement in our redemption by blood, forbids us to do. A practical Socinianism would have taken the place of a loving evangelical faith. The Redeemer's alacrity and triumphant heartiness in going to Calvary would not so animate and cheer us. But if it was "chastisement" he was bearing, instead of our proper punishment—that we might escape more than just penal wrath, viz., all doubt and dissatisfaction as to the plan of salvation; and that gratitude and unquestioning faith in His generous substitution of divine chastisement for human expiation might take the place of all ethical uncertainity as to the cross and Christ crucified thereon, it is well.

Punishment brings no good to him who is punished, whatever it brings to society. Chastisement has for its very object to do him good. He chastened us for our profit. But if one is punished instead of another, there is good to neither, nor to society. That our Lord's suffering for us was not punishment is clear from three forms of good it brought to him, in addition to all it brought to men: (1) Special love from his Father. "Therefore doth my Father love me because I lay down my life." (2) Exceeding and unparalleled honor. "Him did God exalt with his right hand to be a Prince and Saviour." (3) Blessedness enhanced. "Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross." After chastisement, love, honor, joy.

The descriptions in the context are those of chastisement—"He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities; with his stripes we are healed."

Dr. Newman Hall, then, in his excellent new book on "Atonement," is quite out of the way when he says: "First, that man can be just with God by obeying the law, or by suffering its penalty. In the former he fails; by the latter he perishes"—which is true—and then adds: "God Incarnate, in man's nature and as his representative, perfectly obeyed the law and suffered its penalty." For Christ *did not perish.* Dr. Hall himself denies elsewhere what he here asserts. Better have asserted less.

OFF THE TRACK!

"Science is therefore as truly a revelation from God and of God as are the Scriptures; as really a revelation of His will as was the Decalogue, and one which is to have as real a part in the coming of his kingdom among men as the New Testament. God's will expressed in what we call natural law is as benevolent and as sacred as his will expressed in what we call moral law."—*The New Era: Dr. Strong.*

There is a surprising lack of discrimination in this. It is ignorant of or ignores the great, well-established fact that the moral in God's universe is superior to the natural and material. It covers up the distinction between God's will in the one and in the other—between benevolence to the spiritual in man, and benevolence to the lower nature. Subordinately, the march of science will *aid* his kingdom among men, but progress in conformity to moral and religious law *is* his kingdom. It is "as *truly*" his will that we observe the principles of mechanics and employ the useful metals as he intended they should be observed; as that we should pray or obey the law of holy love. But it is not equally his will; they do not stand on the same plane, by any means. Things are only "sacred" in harmonizing with what is highest in him; they are so to himself. And carrying out natural law can no more be as sacred as carrying out moral law than it can be as benevolent. The paragraph above shows superficial thinking, and will hinder and spoil much of the usefulness of the book. It is inconsistent with much besides that is in it and true.

IS THIS CONGREGATIONAL BLASPHEMY?

"His mission is that of his Master, who said of himself, I have come that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly."—*Dr. Lyman Abbott in the Forum.*

This is from a paper on "A Christian Preacher's Functions." It abounds in exaggerated claims which our age will never concede. It climbs up to the supreme demand of the Romish hierarchy, only "some other way." It assumes for men the very function of their Lord, and of the Divine Spirit whose agency he promised his people. Of the minister it asserts flatly, "He is a life-giver." *No,* he is not; no one but the Godhead can be. Liberals less extreme than Abbott have got so used to claiming "inspiration" for their words and doings, and those of others, and even for material things, to the measureless disparagement of the Bible, the only inspired thing, that now they proceed to usurp still further the office of its author. Spiritual "life" can come *from God alone.* Instrumentally, not *from* the preacher's words, but merely *through* them, and this only if the spirit of life in Christ Jesus accompanies them. Never would Christ have said of his apostles even, much more of any of us, what it was his sole divine prerogative to say of himself. Next thing some preacher of the Abbott stamp will rise up and say: "If any man thirst, let him *come unto Me* and drink."

Blandford, Mass., Sept. 30, 1893.

Mr. Easton, missionary from Persia, at the International Union at Clifton Springs, maintained that the same sort of pantheism (Dervish) as prevails in Persia is widely diffused in this country in our colleges and theological seminaries, under such terms as the immanence of God in creation and in all beings. Compare Dr. Lanphear in the "Andover Case." He mentioned one of the most distinguished theologians as expressing an opinion that it will become a dominant and destructive power in the Church of Christ in this land. Forewarned is forearmed.

Of all Americans, Dr. Franklin has given his name to the most cities and towns. His list, including some compounds, now reaches 63. Andrew Jackson comes next, with 61. Washington, with 49; Jefferson, with 47; Madison, with 44; Monroe, with 43; Garfield, with 24.

THE HIYEIZAN CAMP.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Few of the readers of The Pacific are likely to know either the location or the occupants of this camp. Yet, feeling that some may possibly be interested in both, the writer offers the following imperfect description: This is no G. A. R. encampment, though its occupants are soldiers, and some of them veterans of the Civil War; nor is it a Boys' Brigade camp, though many boys find their place among us. It is not a mining camp among the Sierras, nor a resort of dudes among the Adirondacks, Green or White mountains. But a score of places that it is not might be named without in the least suggesting either the place or the people of this camp; for the place is in the center of Japan, a high mountain, for a thousand years sacred to Buddhists, and once adorned with scores, if not hundreds, of temples. And the occupants of the camp are missionaries, retreating from the heat of the valleys and the work of the year for a few weeks of rest and recreation. In many respects this is an ideal camp. Located on the mountain's side some 1,500 feet above the plain, in a large fine grove of dark green cryptomeria, we enjoy cool breezes, invigorating walks, and magnificent views of the plains and valleys and mountains below us. This mountain has so long been the resort of Buddhist priests and worshipers that everywhere there are fine groves and magnificent walks, winding in and out, climbing to the summit, descending into the precipitous gorges, or keeping to the crests of the spurs that radiate from the main summit. Some of the paths are narrow, compelling us to walk in single file; but some are fine roads, made at no little expense and labor, permitting three or four abreast.

A strange providence it is that permits us, missionaries of the cross, to enjoy our summer rest on this cool, sacred mount. It is not due, however, to the good will of the Buddhists, as we have good reason to know. When Dr. J. D. Davis first explored this mountain and camped on it, eighteen or nineteen years ago, the priests did everything possible to drive him off, and they would have succeeded had he not providentially found out that a part of one slope belonged to the government. On that he pitched his tent. And thanks to the government help, the priests were compelled to allow the use of water from their land. Gradually other members of the American Board Mission began to unite with Dr. Davis in his summer camp. Tents began to multiply, and ere long all the better tenting places on government land were occupied. Just across the line, however, were some very fine terraces, old temple sites. Permission was secured to use one of these for a playground for the children. A year or two later permission was received from the priests to place tents on their ground, providing no cooking was done there. Still later permission was granted to cook anything except meat. The writer was the first to occupy a terrace on this last condition. To observe the rule, and at the same time not to give up all use of meats, we made a fireplace just across the line on the government side where we could cook our meats. When we had steak our cook would build his (portable) fire in our regular kitchen, put on the meat, carry it (fire and all) across the line, turn the steak over and bring it back, by which time it was ready for the table.

A year or two later all restrictions were taken off, and free permission was given us to locate on some of the terraces. As the camp grew, various improvements were introduced. More substantial floors, good stout tents with duck flies to keep off the drenching rains that often fell, beds wound with straw rope, regular water works—*i. e.*, water brought in bamboo pipes to each establishment—regular sanitation, daily postal service, vegetable peddlers, runners from the butcher and laundry establishments in the great city of Kyoto, six miles away, all these gradually took the place of the more primitive methods. As the campers increased it became impossible to accommodate them all for Sabbath services in one private place; a chapel tent was made, which has now become so old and small that we this year are building a bark roof and a new floor; thus our "tent of meeting" will equal in style the best of our private establishments.

Of course, to meet all these common expenses, we have had to organize ourselves into a community, with regular rules and taxes, with a mayor, a treasurer, and various committees. Indeed, for six weeks of the summer we are a well-developed New England town, organized on the most approved socialistic principles, allowing the greatest possible freedom to the individual consistent with that of the rest; and, while not interfering with individual initiative, yet insuring that all the necessary life of the organism shall be fully attended to. Hence, we have not only a water committee, a sanitary committee and a road committee, but also an entertainment committee, a musical committee, and a committee on religious services (who attend both to English and Japanese services).

The entertainment committee not only provides for an annual paper, and various comic or dramatic performances, but also secures lectures on the more substantial and instructive phases of modern thought and life. This summer we have had lectures or talks by several persons on the subject of higher criticism and evolution. Last summer we were instructed by lectures on "Francis Xavier," "Congregationalism," Foxpossession," "Shintoism," etc. The lectures, speakers, actors and performers are all selected from home talent, regardless of age, sex, or anything save intrinsic ability.

Within the past two or three years a few members of other missions have joined us, chiefly English; so that in our camp, numbering about one hundred members, exclusive of the Japanese teachers, friends and domestics, we have many of quite varied talents on whom to call for instruction or entertainment.

When the priests gave us free permission to locate on their land, many of us availed ourselves of the privilege and put up rather extensive establishments. But we counted without our hosts. As is doubtless well-known, the anti-foreign spirit in Japan has been on the increase of late years. One of its manifestations has been the refusal of the priests to let us longer use their land at any price. The patrons of the temples declare that they will make no further contributions to the temples if the priests allow foreigners to live on sacred soil. So in June there was a hegira of those of us who had the misfortune to have located our tents on temple lands.

California campers may be inclined to question why the missionaries need to make such extensive and expensive arrangements for the few weeks of summer rest. The simple answer is that the climate compels it. There are times when the rain falls heavily for weeks at a stretch. Some summers it seems to rain most of the time. A week without heavy rain may be said to be rare. Mold often grows on shoes and clothes, and even on food, in the course of a few hours. It is essential to health that there be thorough protection from moisture underneath as well as from the rain overhead. Furthermore, our camp is not simply for strong and healthy, rollicking young men and women, but for families with children; for exhausted men and delicate women, who have toiled hard through the year—who need rest and comfort as well as recreation and coolness.

In the *Missionary Review* for August Rev. James Douglas, London, gives an interesting sketch of Rev. Louis Harms of Hermannsburg, Prussia, following a short notice by Dr. Stephenson on "Praying and Working," and his biography in German by his brother. But Pastor Harms is not so "little known" to American Christians, a beautiful biography by Professor Park having appeared long ago in the *Bibliotheca Sacra.* It was Harms who said that putting Christianity for the heathen behind civilization is "yoking the horses behind the wagon." Professor Park's biography is a picturesque, vivid and warm-hearted etching of local missionary zeal and devotion.

The Congress of Missions at the World's Fair had no delegate from the International Missionary Union because of Sabbath-opening. "The decision of Chief Justice Fuller," says Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, "was regarded at the anniversary at Clifton Springs as disgraceful to him personally, and to the Supreme Court of the United States. The time has passed when a man can safely use his exalted position to defy the common sense of the public." Mr. Webster once said that the most dangerous thing for public men to trifle with is the common conscience of the people. United States judges will find it so.

The corn crop in Kansas is estimated at more than 200,000 bushels, worth $60,000.

Y. M. C. A. CONGRESS.

The Young Men's Christian Association Columbian Congress convened in the Memorial Art Palace, Chicago, on Friday, October 6th. After brief devotional exercises conducted by Mr. G. N. Bierce of Dayton, Ohio, President Bonney delivered a very happy address. He said that the present was a new age. The old was giving place to the new, as had been foretold in the Scriptures, that the prophecies might be fulfilled. Everything—even religion and its methods—was being made new. The Christ of Calvary was seen now in aspects differing from those the world has long been content to contemplate. It was manifest to all men that there was a new and potent influence at work in the world—an influence that is felt despite all controversies to the contrary, and that would bear large fruit in the years to come. He praised the Young Men's Christian Association, with which he said he had been connected for many years.

Mr. Elbert B. Monroe, President of the Congress, was introduced, and said that this age represents the best achievements of mankind in everything. The material advancement of the age had a glorious exemplar in the splendid collection at Jackson Park; the best of spiritual in man was fittingly represented in the congress before him. There were two ways of showing the best results of Christian endeavor: The first in uplifting men from whatsoever station in life they occupy; if they are bad to make them good; if they are good to make them better; and then, after having elevated them, to sustain them in their place. The Young Men's Christian Association took care of the young man from the time he left his father's house until he had established his home, covering the time in which he suffered most from the temptations of the world.

President John M. Coulter of Lake Forest University spoke of the work the Associations are doing in colleges. He said that the work of the Association in American colleges reads like a romance. There were now 450 colleges where this work prevailed, and more than thirty thousand students were interested in it. The movement was like the movement of the crusades, but its spirit was the spirit of Christ. He said he did not ignore the necessities of the times in the colleges. Christian ideas must be presented directly by, and explicity to, college men. "This organization, with its simple creed, 'I believe in God, and in Jesus Christ, his Son,' stands for the central truth of Christianity, and appeals to every young man to say whether anything more inspiring, more ennobling, more ideal, more worthy of imitation has ever presented itself to the world than the spirit of Christ."

Mr. E. L. Shuey of Dayton, Ohio, read a very practical paper on the "Educational Work of the Associations." It was not a presentation of theories as to what might be done, but was a statement of what 360 Associations in various parts of the country are really doing. He spoke of the various classes in the mechanical arts and other branches, which are reaching 20,000 clerks, mechanics and young business men, and fitting them to do a better work than they could otherwise do. He referred to the exhibit of the Associations at the Exposition, and to the fact that the furniture in use there was largely made in the mechanical classes.

Mr. L. D. Wishard of Chicago spoke of the work the American International Committee was doing in the colleges of Europe and Asia, and said there was, as a result of it, more native Christian young men in the state educational institutions of Japan, China and India than there were in the denominational colleges of our own country a hundred years ago. The session closed with prayer by Lord Kinnaird of London.

A good audience, largely composed of Association workers, assembled in the evening. The opening address was delivered by Cephas Brainerd, Esq., of New York, who for twenty-five years was the Chairman of the International Committee of the Associations. It was largely an historical address, summing up the history of the Associations for the past fifty years. He told the story of the organization of the first Association by Mr. George Williams of London, of their progress in Great Britain, and of their introduction and growth on this side of the sea. He sketched their conditions twenty-five years ago, and contrasted their number, work and influence then with that of the present day. He spoke of the influence the Associations were having on religious thought and methods, and of the character of the trained laymen that were constantly being sent out from Associations into the religious activities of the Church, and into the every-day business of life. He paid a high tribute to Mr. James Stokes of New York, to whose generosity the Paris Association owed its handsome building.

Greetings were received by cable from Mr. George Williams, the founder of the Association, and the Congress directed a suitable reply to be sent. Lord Kinnaird brought to the Congress the greetings of the Associations of Great Britain, and referred most feelingly to their beloved founder. He commended the progress of the American Associations, and hoped the leaders would always keep prominent the central idea of bringing young men to a knowledge of Christ. Mr. William E. Dodge of New York, for many years a member of the International Committee, responded most happily to Lord Kinnaird in behalf of the Congress.

Mr. C. M. Hobbs, purchasing agent of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, spoke of the railroad work of the Associations. He paid a high tribute to the railroad man, and referred to the interest all had in the efficiency and faithfulness of railroad employes. He sketched the growth of the railroads until now they are the leading interest in the world, and the *great* growth, he said, had been in the last ten years. He praised enthusiastically the achievements of the 96 railroad organizations. He said that one-half the railroad interest in the country was contributing directly from its treasury to sustain this work, not as a sentimental, not as a religious, idea, but because it was bettering the railroad service, improving the character of railroad employes, and making it safer to travel. He said it was helping to solve the differences between capital and labor in railroad life, and that there ought to be a thousand railroad associations instead of a hundred, with 250,000 members instead of 25,000, and a large money support instead of the $130,000 the railroad companies are now contributing yearly to the support of the work.

At noonday, lunch was served to the leading Association representatives by the Chicago Association. The Congress was largely attended by representative Association men, there being delegates from Great Britain, France, New Zealand, and from Oregon, Washington, Louisiana, as well as the more adjacent States and provinces. It was a very satisfactory gathering, and will do much good to the Association cause.

Chicago, Oct. 7, 1893. T. K. C.

LETTER FROM H. R. THORNTON.

[The following letter, addressed to Rev. Dr. S. H. Willey, has come to hand; we give it to our readers. In view of the awful tragedy which followed, it is right that Mr. Thornton's premonitions should be known, and that the officer of the government, charged with neglect of duty, should be pointed out. Missionaries, risking their lives to civilize and Christianize such savages, should be protected by the United States Government as far as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Loff, companions of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, are still on the field, and need protection.]

Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, August 17, 1893.

Dear Mr. Willey: Overwhelming pressure of work—building a new house, etc.—has prevented hitherto my acknowledging your kindness in sending us books and magazines last year.

They were highly appreciated, and we obtained many useful hints from the missionary magazines especially.

Even now I am so tremendously busy that I must refer you to our published reports for details of our work.

We are in great peril here. The life of my late colleague was twice threatened; my wife and I were shot at by a drunken native, and another offered to stab us; the schoolhouse has been broken into seven times this year. The killing of 13 natives by whalers is the cause of our troubles.

Capt. M. A. Healy of the U. S. cutter *Bear*—the only officer of the law in this section—refuses to protect us and punish the offenders.

Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Bible House, N. Y., can send you full particulars and our published reports.

Please use all the influence you can bring to bear at Washington to secure us justice and protection.

Law is necessary to civilize our people, as well as to keep us from being murdered. Very truly yours,

H. R. Thornton.

Dr. Edward Eggleston told a friend at Chautauqua the other day that he was working on another novel, and that it would probably be the last novel he would write. "When I started," he said, "I had a name for it, but I have written away from the name, and will have to find another."

Home Missions.

PACIFIC GROVE, P. O. Box 202.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

The sixth anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society was held in the parlors of the First church, San Francisco, at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. The devotional half-hour led by Mrs. H. H. Cole uplifted all hearts. The reports of the Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. L. Eastman, and of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. M. Howard, spoke of great love and faithfulness and sacrifice in the auxiliaries. Mrs. James H. Haven, the Treasurer, reported gifts which rounded into a full three thousand dollars before the morning closed. In the afternoon the Society had an hour in the Association program, in which Mrs. E. S. Greene of Santa Cruz gave "Glimpses of the Home Field"; Mrs. J. M. Haven, "Statistics"; Miss Grace Barnard, "What Endeavorers May Do for Missions"; and Mrs. E. S. Williams, "The Ideal State Organization."

The full attendance and hearty interest shown greatly gladdened the heart of the faithful President, Mrs. M. L. Merritt.

A question box in the morning emphasized a few important points. For instance, "How shall we raise money?" "Give it." "To whom should money always be sent?" "The Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven," etc.

A half-hour was given to the co-operative societies. Dr. Pond brought greetings from the American Missionary Association, Mr. Wirt from the Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Mr. Wikoff from the Church Building Society, and Mr. Harrison from the mother society, the Congregational Home Missionary Society. The Committee on Resolutions presented the following, which were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That for the coming year we will ask our auxiliaries and all the women of our churches to make themselves intimately acquainted with the needs and the workings of our five national societies.

"*Resolved*, That as Pilgrim women we desire to co-operate with the Midwinter Fair, which proposes to bring to our sunny coast so many of the instructive wonders of the Chicago Exposition. That we may do so in all good conscience, we respectfully ask the management to observe God's day in the preparation thereof, and to guarantee to weary labor and to Christian conviction that on that day the gates shall be closed.

"*Resolved*, Since the Chinese have come to our country in response to the urgent invitation of a special embassy from our government to theirs, we believe that any limitation of their immigration, called for by the disturbed condition of American industrial affairs, ought in all fairness be arranged by dignified embassy and international treaty. Meanwhile, we protest against all discrimination against the Chinese here as most cruel and un-American. We most heartily commend the Chinese work of the American Missionary Association on our coast, and pledge our special prayers for the work among the Chinese women.

GREETINGS EMPHASIZED.

One pleasant feature of our anniversary meeting was the greeting from different State Unions. The Minnesota Woman's Home Missionary Union have just emphasized their greeting by sending a pledge to their former President of seventy-five dollars for the building fund of Mayflower church, Pacific Grove. Ten dollars of it comes from an "extra-cent-a-day band" in one of the churches. This pledge has brought a glow into many hearts, and grateful, half-homesick tears to some eyes.

California sisters, this gift emphasizes the love between the State Unions. Minnesota will have no less because the sisters reached a helping hand over to this Coast. Their hearts are richer already because in many a little church there a prayer has gone up for "the little Mayflower church away off on the Pacific Coast." Their love will broaden ours. Thank you, dear Minnesota sisters; our motto shall be not simply, "California for Christ," but "America for Christ"—broader yet even, "the world for Christ."

F. L. W.

Woman's Board
Of the Pacific.

TWO LETTERS.

[The following letter of greeting was read at the anniversary in Santa Cruz, from one who was very active in helping on the organization of our Board.]

1222 PINE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, September 3, 1893.

My Dear Mrs. Jewett: I received your invitation to myself and Mrs. Willey to be present and participate in the Woman's Board meeting on the 7th and 8th of this month. I cannot tell you how much pleasure and real satisfaction it would give me to be there and meet the ladies of the Board, and meet again with that precious church where I passed so many years of my ministry as pastor. Mrs. Willey intends to go, and I am very glad she can do so, and enjoy it; but I engaged several weeks ago to be chaplain at the anniversary of the Society of California Pioneers on the 9th inst., and this prevents me from being able to accompany Mrs. Willey to the Santa Cruz meeting.

I remember so well the Association meeting held with us in Santa Cruz a score of years ago—how the members came over the mountains in stages, or down the coast in the steamer; and on that very evening of their arrival, singularly enough, there came down on us a little rainstorm that spoiled all my nice plans of welcome and hospitality for the moment. It was before the era of railroads at Santa Cruz. But the next morning the sun rose clear and bright—the air was pure and the dust was laid. Everybody was good-humored and ready for the business in hand. How well I remember your father and mother there, and how many insisted on having them at their homes as their guests! And Dr. Benton, in his best humor, and Dr. and Mrs. Stone (who at the close of the meeting, said quaintly, "All you folks think you have had the best place—but I know I have"). And Mr. Lacy was there—that noble and saintly man whose memory will ever be precious to those who had the privilege of knowing him. I incline to think it was his last meeting with the Association, for he died about two years later.

But the most memorable feature of this meeting was the organization of the Woman's Board. In its formation, the Christian ladies consented to "walk by faith and not by sight." And how manifestly their determination has been justified in the history of the Board then formed from that day to this! How widely its work has touched the world! How it has stimulated and nourished the missionary spirit in all our churches at home! Even the American Board itself has come to depend on it, as one of its trusted auxiliaries. From what small beginnings have these things come to pass in a single score of years! And how animating it will be to recount these things on the very ground where the beginnings were made! What a good foundation is laid for growth in usefulness in the years to come!

Our churches are multiplied and are increasing in membership and means. The call for more means is coming up from our missions in every part of the world. The opportunity now before the Board is most inspiring.

It will be timely, at this meeting, to join in earnest supplication, beseeching the Head of the Church to avert the evils of divided counsels in the venerable American Board itself, and so control things that Christian confidence may not be impaired; that means may not be withheld; that the mission work may not be crippled, and that Christian influence may not be diminished throughout the world.

With sincere regret that I cannot enjoy the meeting with you on the 7th and 8th inst., I am very truly yours,

S. H. WILLEY.

[From our Mrs. Holbrook—read at Santa Cruz.]

EASTHAMPTON, Aug. 23, 1863.

My Dear Mrs. Jewett: Your letter was received to-night, and to-night I have answered it. It is brief, but I knew but a few words were wanted at such a time. I hope the occasion may be in every way a success. Our plans are not yet fully matured. We have all along intended to leave at the end of the next winter. Mr. Holbrook's throat is not improving so fast as we could wish. It is late, after a delightful afternoon spent at the old home with family friends in celebrating our tenth anniversary. God is good—far better to us than our fears. Why do doubts ever cross a Christian's path! Affectionately yours,

SARAH E. HOLBROOK.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

On the great need of better Sabbath observation by its professed friends. Jesus taught with special emphasis that many of both clergy and laity will not get to heaven. (Matt. vii: 22,23.)

Sabbath breaking in secular thought, reading, and conversation work, travel, amusements, etc., may yet be found to be the point where many professed Christians left the path of light. Worse still, their example in this matter may also lead others to ruin.

Sunday will not hang heavy on the hands of those doing only as much Christian work on that day as their own spiritual health demands.

The Philadelphia Sabbath Association (1224 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.) offers a prize of $70, and a second prize of $30 for the best essays on the above, not exceeding 1000 words.

All essays to be sent in by January 1, 1894, and accompanied by the writer's name and address in a sealed envelope.

(Typewriting suggested, not required.)

Four billion nine hundred and two millions nine hundred and twenty-four thousand one hundred and twenty-one pounds of grain are annually put into beer and liquor in the United States.

Literary and Educational.

TALKS ON THE VERANDA IN A FAR-AWAY LAND. By Rev. C. C. Tracy. Pp. 293. Price, $1.25. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago.

The author is a missionary of the American Board stationed at Marsovan, in Turkey. In this book he does not aim to give a connected, logical account of the planting and growth of missions in his field, but, as the title indicates, a series of informal talks on such topics as those who support missions like to know about. While here in this country, Mr. Tracy noted that the questions asked him after his missionary addresses touched upon certain customs, experiences and methods, such as returned missionaries are apt to overlook when speaking about their work. In this volume he has set himself to answer those questions. He imagines his readers as a little audience upon his own veranda in the East, and speaks to them in a happy, conversational way, which is quite captivating. In this manner he tells about the gospel in the mountains, the gospel in the town, the gospel in the school, the gospel in the wagon, etc. The illustrations are frequent and unusually good. No one in reading this can help being intelligent and more interested in missions.

PRINCE RUPERT'S NAMESAKE. By Emily Weaver. Pp. 394. Price, $1.50. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago.

A story of the time of the Restoration of Charles II and the Great Plague in London. It is not every writer who can make historical tales interesting to modern readers, but Miss Weaver certainly has that power. Rupert Staynor and his Aunt Margery, two years older than himself, live with the sturdy old royalist, Squire Staynor, on what remains of the Staynor estate. Every endeavor is made to recover enough property to make life easy, but the attempt is futile. In this quest Rupert goes to London with his friend Harold Clive, and is in the city during the plague. Both escape, and Rupert returns home, soon to be arrested for treason in attending a Puritan conventicle. His grandfather is arrested at the same time, and the two are barely rescued from the great fire of London.

THE TWENTIETH DOOR. By Charles M. Sheldon. Pp. 365. Price, $1.50. C. S. S. & P. S., Boston and Chicago.

The "Twentieth Door" is the twentieth century, so called in the commencement oration of Paul Sidney, the hero of the story. This young man is introduced to us on a Western farm, and the way traced out by which he found opportunity to fulfill his ambition to go to college. The sturdy and conscientious manliness with which Paul decided all questions, his true and helpful friendship with his school and college roommate, together with the story of the home life of his mother, brother and sister, make a story of great interest. The author addresses a younger class of readers than in either of his previous books, but shows no lack of the same clear, moral insight and intensely practical spirituality which they displayed.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Societies of the State of Pennsylvania have had dedicated to them by Rev. Charles Roads, President of Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor Union, this volume, entitled "Little Children in the Church of Christ." The subject of meetings for and with children is discussed, and practical suggestions and directions given. Then follow specimen sermon sketches, brief, and often with a slight object lesson at the opening. They are brief, for some sixty or more are printed in the space of some 180 pages. They are often ingenious, exhibit variety, and seem also sensible and hearty. D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

We can cordially commend "A Sketch of the Apostolic Church," by Oliver J. Thatcher of the University of Chicago. It is inscribed, "To my teacher, Professor Adolf Harnack." Within these 312 pages the author has given the principal points and main facts which one may find at large in the more spacious volumes of Schaff. The conclusions reached appear to be carefully considered; the newest light of recent investigations has been invited; the style of writing is direct and simple. The book is made in the choice manner of the well-known Riverside Press. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The minutes of the General Conference of Maine are as full of information of all kinds pertaining to the Congregational churches of that State as the minutes of other years. The work shows more labor, care and thought than other yearly minutes, and is well worth careful reading.

MAGAZINES.—Chaplain Drahms contributes to the October *Overland* facts needing to be pondered in his article, "Reformatory Movements in California." It may comfort those of us who do not visit the theater to be told by Mr. John Murray in his paper upon the "Acted Shakesperian Drama" that these "plays are above and beyond the scope of theatrical representation," and that the full benefit of Shakspeare is "open only to the solitary reader with the well-worn volume." The illustrations in this number relate to the long jetty at the mouth of the Columbia, and to camping in Mendocino. The editor has the courage to say, "The Geary bill had no right to exist, and violates the national honor." The newest venture is the *California Review*, issued from Oakland. It opens with an article from Mrs. S. B. Cooper on the kindergarten, in its bearings upon crime, pauperism and insanity. This monthly makes a good appearance, but how can it be sustained at $1 a year?

MR. MOODY'S WORK AT CHICAGO.

The Moody campaign, as it is generally-known, began simultaneously with the opening of the Fair, and will be carried on until the Exposition closes, the last of this month. "For twenty-five years I have been going around the world preaching the gospel," says Mr. Moody, "and now in Chicago the world is coming around me." When abroad last year he engaged the services of his helpers, who have been with him the whole or a part of the summer. Several well-known workers have spent a week or more here, and then gone to other fields of labor; others still are expected during the next six weeks.

The expenses of the campaign have been very great; but Mr. McNeill said on a late Sunday night that so carefully was the campaign managed that when the bills for the day were paid it was probable that there would not be ten dollars in the treasury or a debt of ten dollars; and he added that the only limit to the amount of good which could be accomplished now was the limit to the contributions received. Collections are taken at the various services, and Mr. Moody receives letters containing money ranging in sums from one dollar to one and two thousand dollars. The Northfield Conference sent ten thousand dollars to aid in the campaign.

One of the most striking incidents of the season, and when the work is fully described it will be found that the World's Fair has not been the only great thing in Chicago this summer, was the services in Forepaugh's Circus tent; it was supposed by the managers of the circus that Sunday would be their great harvest day, but so few came that the money was refunded and the show not given. Mr. Moody was advertised to speak there, and more than fifteen thousand people heard him, and hosts were turned away, not being able to gain admission. The theater managers would not listen to any overtures for their building at first. It is said that one theater received an offer of $18,000 for a single service a week, on the Sundays during the summer, but indignantly refused it. Now, as many theaters can be hired as the funds will warrant, and in one theater three services are held every Sunday, and a service every evening during the week. Just now the chief service is a noonday meeting in Central Music Hall, at which Mr. Moody and other well-known preachers speak at 11 o'clock, and at 12 o'clock John McNeill talks to business men. In announcing the meeting for this week, Mr. McNeill said that if the parquet was not sufficient to hold all the men and women who came, he would ask the ladies to lift their wings and float upward to the balcony, or to the gallery for that matter. Mr. McNeill is very successful in reaching men; his homely Scotch wit and his practical illustrations of Biblical narratives, coupled with his intense earnestness and his love for men, make him a power in this campaign.

Besides these large meetings, special services are held daily now for the Germans, the Bohemians and the Swedes, and the Poles; the Jews and the French had special meetings for a considerable time. At first the churches did not enter into the work with much enthusiasm; but every Sunday new ones are offered to Mr. Moody, and their pastors are among his strongest supporters. Special help is received, also, from the students of the Institute—seventy-five women under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Capron, so long a missionary under the American Board in India, and two hundred men under Mr. Moody's faithful lieutenant, the Rev. R. S. Torrey, every one of them men and women committed as loyally to Mr. Moody and his work as ever were soldiers to their general.

Mr. Moody deserves the hearty support of Christians throughout the country for opening these places of service, which are largely attended by the World's Fair visitors. Without antagonizing the officials of the Exposition for their attitude on the Sunday question, or the leaders of the Parliament of Religions—although it is not supposed that he agrees heartily with a service in which Christ is not the central figure—he is able to draw thousands away from the Fair on Sunday and from the Parliament on week days to hear the old, old story.—*Independent.*

CHRISTIANITY AND WEALTH.

BY REV. J. A. DRUZAN.

In the study of Christ's parable of Dives and Lazarus, we become so absorbed in gazing into the "great gulf" in that other world which separated the rich man from the poor man, that we forget the "gulf" which yawned between them in this world.

When both were in the body, though Lazarus was lying at the millionaire's very gate, the "gulf" which divided them was just as "great" and "fixed" as that which after death separated them in Sheol.

We are nineteen centuries this side that old parable, and yet that first "gulf" still yawns inexorably, separating the rich from the poor. It is a question whether it is not wider and deeper to-day than ever before. Certainly there is a growing exasperation and an evil temper between the very rich and the very poor in our day which is full of portent.

"Contempt on the one side, envy on the other," says Washington Gladden, "fill the social atmosphere with feverish and inflammable influences."

The celebrated English Methodist preacher, Dr. Hughes, says: "Lazarus is no longer lying on the doorsteps of Dives in the quiescence of sullen despair, but vehemently gesticulating to hungry men at the corners of the streets."

"There is," said James Russell Lowell, "a poison in the sores of Lazarus against which Dives has no antidote."

"The zones of enormous wealth, and degrading poverty," says the English Bishop of Winchester, "unless carefully considered, will presently generate a tornado which, when the storm clears, may leave a good deal of wreckage behind."

This storm, if it breaks, will be especially destructive in America, for nowhere else are social inequalities so severely felt. Says Dr. Gladden: "Inequalities perhaps as great have existed in other ages, but never before such inequalities in a society founded on the doctrine that all men are created equal in rights and privileges; never before in a society in which the poor had the spelling-book and the newspaper, and the ballot in their hands; never before in a society where the penniless walked every day before show windows, wherein all the luxuries of all climes were publicly displayed. Between the helots of Greece and their masters, between the slaves and the patricians of Rome, there was really no contrast, because there was no comparison; they were supposed to belong to distinct orders of creation. * * * But the American, who has been taught equality of rights, will not easily accept so great inequality of conditions and possessions. And the spectacle of wealth and want steadily increasing side by side—wealth growing more insolent, and want more hopeless—year by year fills the poor with discontent and bitterness. Between the extremes of society there is a growing social alienation and enmity."

Now, if all this be true, then this question of "Christianity and Wealth" is a most important one. What message has Christianity concerning wealth, and for the men to whom God has intrusted it?

First. That the power to make money is a talent, and that the possession of money is a stewardship. Christianity says to the rich man: "You are not your own. You belong to God. That power to make money is a talent. Trade with it for me." Woe to the man if he fails to use his talent. A double woe if, in the use of it, he oppresses and crushes God's children that he may heap up useless money.

"And, further," Christianity says, "the results of that trading, the the thousands or millions which it brings to you, you must use in the service of your fellow-men."

"May I not do what I like with my own?" is the dazed question of the man of wealth.

And Christianity has its ready answer: "No! This wealth is not yours, but God's. It is a trust; you are the steward. Remember the fate of those citizens in the pounds parable who said, 'We will not have this man to reign over us.'"

Then, too, even were this wealth yours—as it is not—a man has "not a right to do what he likes with his own." Laying aside for the moment all claims of God upon him, no man in civilized society can do what he pleases with his own. He has only a right to do what he ought with his own. He cannot even do what he likes with his own body, if public necessity requires a different disposition of it. His body belongs to his country. When his country has need of him, as in 1863, whether he will or no, it puts its uniform on him and a gun in his hand, and bids him shoot and be shot at.

His property, no less than his life, is held and enjoyed subject to the public safety. In the sight of the State, as well as of God, of all his material surroundings which he calls "mine," the rich man is only a trustee. The ultimate and inalienable ownership of what Aristotle called "the bounty of nature," is in the human race. John Stuart Mill utters pregnant words for the consideration of rich men, when he lays down as "moral axioms" that "the earth belongs, first of all, to the inhabitants"; that "every person alive ought to have a subsistence before any one has more"; and that "whosoever works at any useful thing ought to be properly fed and clothed before any one able to work is allowed to receive the bread of idleness."

Is this true in America to-day?

Our workless, breadless millions give the answer!

This claim of society upon the great estates of rich men is a just claim. It is due to society for value received. Says Dr. Gladden: "In a social order like that in which we live, no man can accumulate property without incurring a heavy debt to society—a debt that is not discharged when he has paid his taxes. Our fortunes, as well as our characters, are due to our environments. Those who have amassed property in this generation have done so by the use of a vast system of social and industrial machinery, which has been furnished to them without money and without price. They are the heirs of all the past ages of discovery, of invention, of study, of experiment, of organized intelligence. Society has brought all these enormous gains down through the generations and laid them at their feet. It is only because of all this that large gains are possible to honest men."

Then these beneficiaries of our social and industrial order should in justice make some adequate return for the great benefits received.

These men, to whom society has given so much, owe much. Here and there a rich man acknowledges this debt, and endows a college or builds a hospital, and our newspapers are full of praise for his "generous, large-hearted charity."

Charity! It is simply a small, partial payment of a debt—a debt to society—so great that he never can discharge the whole of it.

Second. But the rich man has not discharged his whole duty as a steward of God, and of the State, when he has thrown a few biscuits across the gulf to Lazarus—even though the biscuits may be in the form of a university, or a million-dollar home, or hospital. He owes it to society to do all in his power to obliterate, or, at least, bridge, this gulf which separates the rich from the poor.

WHAT ELSE OUGHT HE TO DO?

1. The rich man ought to carry the Spirit of Christ into the business world.

There are two radically distinct views of business: One regards it as a battle in which the black flag is carried, and no mercy is shown. The other regards business as a means of mutual service. In the one case the business man is a licensed free-booter; in the other he is a benefactor.

The former view prevailed in mediæval times. We still see survivals of it in our factory life, in our great monopolies and trusts, and in heartless, pitiless competition. The more liberal and Christian view is slowly forcing itself upon men; and not till it is universally adopted shall we have peace in the industrial world.

God and humanity have a right to demand of the rich man (and the poor man as well) that he enter the business world, not as a free-booter, but as a servant; that he have a higher standard than the dollar-mark; that his "chief end" shall be, not to double his millions, but to serve his fellow-men.

Unless he does this he cannot be a Christian. The law of Christ makes short work of the merciless theories of materialistic political economy which now rule the business world, and on which too many so-called Christian men act. These tell the rich man that labor is a commodity, to be bought, like any other, in the lowest market; that "his "hands," like the machines at which they stand, are only a part of his "plant"; that his only connection with these human machines is what Carlyle calls "the cash-nexus"; that the only law that can govern his relations to them is the law of supply and demand. And so over the entrance to the thronging avenues and humming workshops of the industrial realm an immoral, un-Christian science has written in iron letters, "All love abandon, ye who enter here!" Christianity demands of the rich man that he tear down that barbarous, heathen legend, and that he put in place of it, "My wage-worker is my brother, and God is our common Father," and that he govern his whole business life by that principle. The rich man, at the head of the great factory, or corporation, is bound to consider the interests of his work people, as well as the interests of the stockholders. He is to love his workingmen as himself; to use the power which intelligence and capital gives him, not merely in producing large dividends, but in ministering to the welfare of those nearest him—his grimy, hard-handed brothers and toiling sisters. These are not only "hands," but immortal souls, for the happiness and well-being of whom he is responsible. These are not his natural foes, to be battled with and beaten down under the stern law of competition. They are his allies, his associates, the helpers of his prosperity, to be cherished and befriended, and bound to him with "hooks of steel."

And the State, also, by right, de-

mands of him that he carry the spirit of love, and not that of plunder, into the business world.

Material gains are a means to an end, and that end is the life of the nation. The way in which wealth is gained affects the health, the vigor, the morals of mankind. The real wealth of a nation is a happy, hopeful, independent, energetic, enterprising people. Whatever lessens the intelligence, the hopefulness, the moral vigor of the masses of the people, though it may heap up dollars by the billion, destroys the real wealth of the nation. Whatever tends to make the working people sullen, spiritless, thriftless and dependent, tends to undermine the foundations on which our prosperity rests.

The State, therefore, has a right to demand that the men who employ labor shall so use it, that our workingmen shall lose no jot of heart, and hope, and manliness. The man who gathers about him a hundred or a thousand workmen, and, after enriching himself by means of their labor, turns them out into society filled with hate, and spite, and suspicion, completely out of harmony with the age in which they live, is one of the worst of malefactors! The business methods and spirit which produce a Homestead riot cannot be affected by a hundred free libraries, though they should each cost ten times as much as that given by Andrew Carnegie to the city of Pittsburg.

2. Second, in order to obliterate the gulf which now divides the rich and the poor, the rich man should aid in bringing in a better industrial system.

When the first Napoleon's glory was at its height, and all Europe was at his feet, the Duke of Weimar said: "It is unjust! It cannot last!" The present industrial system, based on the heartless, merciless law of competition, is unjust—it cannot last. It is in direct contravention of the gospel, for it disregards the two cardinal principles of our religion—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Years ago, John Stuart Mill wrote: "Our industrial system is the parent of every hatred, and all uncharitableness. It makes every one the enemy of all others who cross his path; and every one's path is constantly liable to be crossed."

The wage-system which succeeded slavery and reform is not the final form of industrial society. Society cannot be fossilized. The law of evolution joins hands with the gospel to produce a better system than that which we are now staggering under.

And there are large-hearted, clear-eyed business men, with great wealth, who already perceive, and are frankly accepting, the logic of the Christian law—that employer and employe are business partners.

To this complexion must it come at last. Co-operation must supersede competition. As Dr. Gladden says: "The law of Christ is the law of co-operation. We are steadily traveling toward an industrial order which will identify the interests of employer and employed."

When Leclaire, the father of co-operation, was dividing his first bonus to labor, in 1843, Thomas Carlyle was thus writing: "A question arises here—whether, in some ulterior, perhaps some not far distant stage of this 'chivalry of labor,' your master-worker may not find it possible and needful to grant to his workers permanent interest in his enterprise and theirs? So that it become, in practical result, what in essential fact and justice it ever is—a joint enterprise; all men, from the chief master down to the lowest operative, economically, as well as loyally, concerned for it."

We have reached that stage. Co-operation is no longer an experiment. It is in line with the gospel, and therefore it works. It is the Golden Rule applied to industry. It stands between the two organized armies of capital and labor, and says: "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one another?" Wherever it has been introduced, there industrial war has ceased; strikes, lock-outs, and labor-riots are unknown.

Let the spirit of brotherhood possess our Christian man of wealth, and a new industrial era will be ushered in. The pure Christianity to which Leclaire gave expression in his last will and testament is the strongest force-making for industrial peace and progress.

"I believe," said this great heart, "in the God who has written in our hearts the law of duty, the law of progress, the law of sacrifice of one's self for others. I submit myself to his will, I bow before the mysteries of his power and of our destiny. I am the humble disciple of him who has told us to do to others what we would have others do to us, and to love our neighbors as ourselves. It is in this sense that I desire to remain a Christian to my last breath."

"If we cannot have Christian unity, let us have religious amity," says somebody. We certainly cannot have the unity, except in name, unless we have the amity. The worst ill that could come to the Church of Christ on earth would be the establishment of a formal unity that apart from the name would be nothing but a counterfeit.—*New York Observer.*

IN MEMORIAM.

On September 6, 1893, in Glen Ellen, Sonoma county, California, William Harlow Deniston died suddenly of hemorrhage from the lungs, aged 29 years and 18 days. To all who knew him, and he had many devoted and sincere friends, the news came like the shock of sudden calamity. Though for some time he had suffered ill-health from weakness of the lungs, few, indeed, had given up hope of ultimate improvement. No word of complaint was ever uttered by him, except in response to the inquiries of friends. He bore his affliction heroically, and that he suffered we cannot doubt; but his distress arose perhaps more keenly from disappointment in not being able to pursue his ambitious duties than from physical pain. He kept up bravely until the last, and the end came suddenly, just when indications of improvement became manifest.

William Deniston was the son and eldest child of Charles Wright and Susan Coryell Deniston. The family of which he was a member is one of the oldest and best known of Wisconsin. His father was the first white child born in Green county, and has been for many years identified with the milling industry. He has been, also, a member of the Wisconsin legislature for several terms.

Wm. Deniston was born in Dane County adjoining, but removed afterwards to his father's native county, where his family still reside. He spent his boyhood among the snowy regions of his native State; but being ambitious he decided, like his pioneer forefathers, to push outward and onward for himself, and left home at the early age of nineteen. Being young and inexperienced, he was ready for any emergency, and consequently was prepared for the many vicissitudes which always befall the young upon their friendless advent into new and distant regions. He went first to Missouri and afterwards to Kansas, where he published a paper in Chanute, Neosho County, the junction of the Missouri, Pacific and Kansas City Railways. But his arduous labors and the unfavorable climate were against him, and in 1886 he came to California on the advice of a physician. Here he engaged in photography. He studied thoroughly and mastered every department of that business. Experts have pronounced his work (representing some of the finest scenes of our State) second to none. He engaged in business in San Francisco, with Mr. Geo. A. Turner, which partnership was most favorable in every respect, and brought about very promising results. Such a combination must certainly be successful, the two partners possessing widely different qualifications, which were still eminently harmonious. Together they carried on business for three or four years in Glen Ellen, the town of Sonoma, at other places, and also in San Francisco, until failing health on the part of Mr. Deniston demanded change of climate. The partnership was dissolved with mutual regrets, and Mr. Deniston went to the country for his health. Mr. Turner, having a young wife and child, was unable to accompany him, though the deepest sympathy existed between them.

In May, 1892, Mr. Deniston's brother arrived from Wisconsin, and together they engaged in business. They began in Livermore, and afterward, during the dull season, started a gallery in Stockton, San Joaquin county, which was very successful. In the summer of 1893, Mr. Deniston continued his work at Glen Ellen, leaving his brother Edward S. Deniston in charge of the business at other places. He resumed his work there, which was the last of his life; but he managed, notwithstanding failing health, to continue it. He died suddenly in the performance of his duties, at the Mervyn Hotel in Glen Ellen. Dear and loving friends were with him in his last moments; the kindest attentions were administered to him, and he died resignedly, knowing that he must go, and ready to meet his God.

The world is a loser for want of him, and yet surely it was the will of his Creator. Physically he was surpassingly handsome, yet altogether unconscious of such a gift. His mind was employed in the achievements of science, and he was most magnificently successful. He was so modest that he studiously avoided notoriety, yet his work has received the highest commendations of praise. He was a member of the Camera Club, that select society admitting only those who meet with success, and they will remember him sorrowfully among their best members, and also acknowledge his merit.

He admitted and obeyed the science of his work. Though young and a beginner, he studied it faithfully, and his success was surprising. Many critics have accredited to him, above all others, the ability to choose the most artistic position for landscapes and the most advantageous pose for portraits in outdoor views. He was a true artist who loved his chosen work. He was also an authority among his co-workers as to the latest methods of developing negatives and the best effects to be given.

In his moral character he was in every possible respect above reproach. That a profane or unkind word ever escaped his lips is certainly beyond belief. Many friends for many years have testified to his absolute self-restraint in this respect. Thrown sometimes among the most sacrilegious, he still maintained his chosen stand. No breach of duty to God or man, so far as he was guided, ever escaped fulfillment. He maintained throughout his life, which was surely dedicated to the glory of God, a marvelous indifference to any and all temptations.

He was a member of the church in his native State, and also a member here in San Francisco, as well as of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was, perhaps, one of the most valuable and earnest workers, for he exhibited charity and generosity in his daily life—nay, all the Christian virtues to such a degree that no one who knew him could ever take exceptions to this statement, and also might most profitably emulate his course. The church could make a grand example of his character. Duty to God, to home, to native land, all these he recognized. But besides he was absolutely and in every sense unselfish.

Among the many friends who knew him (and there are none who have not profited either by his generosity or self-denial) there can surely be no one who will not accord this meager recognition of his worth. How great were words, were they able to portray in this brief sketch his life work! Yet we must acknowledge inability in this respect. A true Christian, both in outward and private life, he shall not want for praise and reward. He shall live in the memories of all who knew him; but he shall live, too, most truly and undeniably, in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We who are sure of this, know it is the best reward for all his labors No effort is ever lost, however recognized here. Shall his love to God, his self-denial, his faithful performance of duty, and his devotion to his friends, be forgotten in that great day of reckoning? Nay; would that all of us had the same recommendation for divine mercy and eternal love as had he! COM.

THE EMPTY FRONT PEWS.

The young people who make it a habit to stand about the church door just after the dismissal of the young people's prayer-meeting are thoughtlessly doing much to create confusion and disorder. The appearance of a large company there, and who sometimes indulge in jest and laughter, is unseemly. It is positively embarrassing, also, to pass through such a crowd. Now that we have started in this line, we make bold to say that the front pews of the church ought to be filled up every Sunday evening, and the young people are the ones who ought to do it. It would help the choir and the preacher to see those vacant pews filled. Will not the Epworth League take those two matters in hand, bringing the young folks into the church immediately after the prayer-meeting, and seating them in the front of the church?—*Torrington Methodist.*

BREVITIES.

In the United States the average life for farmers is 64 years; for lawyers, 52; merchants, 48; mechanics, 47; seamen 46; laborers, 44.

Nine hundred and forty-six papers and magazines are published in New York city. Exactly one-half of these—four hundred and seventy-three—are issued monthly. There are forty-six dailies.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

During one of the late labor riots in New York, while the speaker was urging the crowd "to fight for bread for their wives and children," the saloon-keepers were kept busy, one alone taking in during the day nearly $1,300 from the starving crowd.

"Prohibition is far from being dead in Iowa. A 'citizens'' convention was held in Des Moines last week, composed of delegates from nearly every county in the State, which showed clearly that there is a very large proportion of Iowa citizens who believe it to be of more importance to maintain a principle than to support a party."—*Advance.*

An interesting object at the World's Fair is "Miss Dakota" in the Agricultural Building, North Dakota department. She is fourteen feet tall, hair of flax, face and arms of shelled wheat; dark of eye, poppy seed, and white of eye, wild rice; rouche of wild pampas; dress of wheat heads, trimmed with clover and wild rice. She is altogether a fine figure. A wit wanted to know if she was a "grass widow."—*Methodist Herald.*

Young men and women in Australia stand side by side in universities as in the public schools, and co-educationalists regard the fact that in no country in the world is there so small a percentage of unmarried women as here, quite conclusive evidence of the wisdom of their theory. Australian girls are said to be remarkably well educated, and in most religious bodies of that country women, as well as men, are allowed to vote in church affairs.—*Christian Guardian.*

DRINKING IN HIGH CIRCLES.

Not long ago a shock was given to the highest social circles by the exposures in regard to the prevalance of drunkenness among aristocratic ladies made by Lady Frederick Cavendish and the Duchess of Bedford at the church congress. Lady Frederick Cavendish said that she had been recently staying at a country mansion, where roomy dining-room chairs were still used, the seats of which were deeply curved to save the gentlemen from falling out after dinner; that, although heavy drinking had been abandoned by the men, the women were becoming inveterate tipplers; that many ladies have recourse to "pick me ups" at 11 A. M., brandy and soda during the day, wine at dinner and something hot at bedtime.

She knew a young lady who could not get through the exertions of the London season without taking a "cordial"—a pretty name for a dram—kept handy at tea, and that after a certain morning concert a lady beside her had called for "white cup," a deceptive name for champagne cup.

Lady Frederick Cavendish protested especially against the new fashion of young ladies, and old ones, too, accompanying gentlemen to the smoking room after dinner and sharing not only the cigars, but also the spirits.

A distinguished physician had assured her that many ladies who were living idle lives had consulted him for nervous symptons, which revealed, in perfect unconsciousness on their part, a condition of alcoholism bordering on delirium tremens, but that alcohol was not the only fashionable failing, as chloral chlorodyne and morphia were taken in secrecy in boudoirs, and were adding to the maladies of modern life.

The Duchess of Bedford put the blame for these evils on the straining of nerve power, through the supposed exigent demands of society, until the nerves required a fillip.

The argument of the necessity of stimulation, she said, afforded but the very slightest protection against temptation. The real remedy was avoidance of mischievous forms of excitement, together with total abstinence.

She maintained that "moderation" was a very elastic term, and would not meet the evils like abstinence. It was a serious thing for Christian workers, pledged to fight the drinking practices of society, to reject the practice of abstinence, and she besought everybody interested to avoid the banter and jesting too commonly used in reference to the greatest evil of modern life.—*New York World.*

GRADY AND LEW WALLACE.

Rev. Dr. Branham, now of Norwalk, who conducts chapel services from time to time at the Whittier Reform School, Los Angeles County, Cal., was a warm personal friend and great admirer of the late Hon. Henry W. Grady of Atlanta. Dr. Branham was giving an account of Mr. Grady's first newspaper venture which was in connection with Alexander H. Stephens, St. Clair Abrams and Col. Robt. Alston in starting the *Herald* of Atlanta. At first Stephens was editor-in-chief, and Mr. Grady and Dr. Branham were associate reporters; but a few months later Mr. Grady bought an interest in the paper. "Grady was inclined to be a little wild in those days, just after coming from college at Athens. In 1876 he was sent to Florida to report the investigation of the returning board of the Tilden-Hayes contest. Gen. Lew Wallace was there at the same time. I have often heard Mr. Grady speak of Gen. Wallace in the highest terms, and he said that a serious conversation he had with Gen. Wallace one moonlight night as they rowed on the lake all night was the turning point of his life. From that day on he showed an earnestness of purpose and steadiness and perseverance of character that made his short but brilliant life a success. Mr. Grady, up to the day of his death, had a very boyish appearance—round, smoothly shaven face and great big, black, staring eyes that would laugh one minute and cry the next.

He was a prominent member of the First Methodist church of Atlanta, and was very modest in his profession of religion; but any one who was well acquainted with him knew the deep spirituality of his life in his later years. I suppose Grady could have been elected to any office in the State that he wanted if he had allowed his name to be used. He was about 34 years of age when he died."—*The Whittier.*

Mark Guy Pearse has a homily upon the crossing of the Red Sea in a late number of *The Preacher's Magazine* in which he makes a point worthy of note: "The Israelites had their baptism—'They were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea.' All, the infants as well as the adults; sprinkled by the spray and the rain. The Egyptians were immersed!"—*Central Christian Advocate.*

It is another, and this time a very significant sign, of the drift toward the secularization of Sunday that the Boston *Journal* has felt compelled at last to appear in a Sunday edition.

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1359 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A.M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6.30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

PARK CHURCH—416 Devisadero St. Rev. Horace W. Houlding, Pastor, esidence 8½ Alpine St. Sunday services; 11 A. M. 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school: 3: P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening: 7:30.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW CHURCH—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Rev. John G. Eckles, pastor; residence, corner Sadowa and Capitol Sts. Sunday-school at 11 A. M. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 P. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.

SEVENTH-AVENUE CHURCH—Corner Seventh and Clement ave. Sunday preaching, 7:30 P.M., by Rev. Philip Coombe, pastor. Sunday-school at 3 P. M., F. K. Houston Superintendent.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL—Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. Preaching Sunday, at 11 A.M., by Rev. Philip Coombe. John H. Kemp, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

Congregational Associates.—President—Stephen S. Smith, No. 7 Montgomery avenue. Secretary and Treasurer—James E. Ager, 508 Clay street.

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BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATIONS.

Young Men's Christian Association.—232 Sutter street. H. J. McCoy, Secretary.

Boys and Girls' Aid Society.—Baker street, corner Grove, San Francisco.

Cal. W. C. T. U.—132 McAllister street, San Francisco.

Fruit and Flower Mission for Aiding the Needy and Sick.—420 Post street, San Francisco. Thursdays—Visiting days to hospitals and other benevolent institutions. President—Miss Anna Hall. Vice-President—Mrs. A. K. Arnold. Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. H. Buckingham. Financial Secretary—Miss E. Hammond.

Young Women's Christian Association. 1221 O'Farrell street, between Octavia and Gough.

Congregational Ministerial Relief Society.—President — Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D. Secretary—Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D. Treasurer—Geo. H. Kellogg, 112 Liberty St.

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.—Boston and Chicago. Secretary—Rev. Geo. M. Boynton, D.D. Field Secretary—W. A. Duncan, Ph.D. Treasurer—E. Lawrence Barnard. Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, Superintendent for Central and Northern California; 524 Thirty-first street, Oakland.

Congregational Home Missionary Soc'y. Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. J. B. Clark, Rev. William Kincaid, Rev. Washington Choate. Treasurer—W. B. Howland, Esq. Superintendent Northern California and Nevada—Rev. J. K. Harrison, 735 Market street; residence, 1005 Capp street, San Francisco Supt. Southern California—Rev. J. T. Ford, Los Angeles. Financial Agent—J. S. Hutchinson, at The Sather Banking Company's, corner Pine and Sansome streets; or, P. O. Box 2563.

American Missionary Association.—Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., Rev. F. P. Woodbury, D.D. Treasurer—H. W. Hubbard, Esq. Western District Secretary—Rev. J. E. Roy, D.D., 151 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

California Chinese Mission.—Auxiliary to the American Missionary Association. Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President. Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., 418 Bartlett street, San Francisco, Secretary.

The Congregational Church Building Society.—Secretary, Rev. L. H. Cobb, DD., 59 Bible House, New York. Treasurer—H. O. Pinneo, 59 Bible House, New York. Secretary—H. H. Wikoff, 1009 Green street, San Francisco.

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Wednesday, October 18, 1893.

AN OBJECT LESSON AND ITS QUESTION.

Dr. Titsworth's object lesson is a lesson indeed. He lives in Milwaukee, "where there are whole blocks in which you will not hear the English language spoken." "In my study," he said at Saratoga, "I have a picture of four boys who have come into our church. One is the son of a German immigrant, born a Catholic, and has at this time two uncles who are Catholic priests. He is now in Beloit studying for the ministry. Another boy is the son of a German immigrant, who, for the last two or three years of his life, was wretchedly poor, but who died in the hope of eternal life. We found this boy in a gas office, keeping accounts. He is going to Beloit next fall to study for the ministry. The third boy is the son of a Welsh immigrant. He is a little older than the others, and is in business in the city and likely to stay there; but he is President of our Christian Endeavor Society. The fourth is the son of a Scotch immigrant, one generation back, and he is going to study for the ministry." At the same convocation in Saratoga, Rev. A. A. Berle said: "My good mother, who does not speak English at this moment, has given two sons to the Congregational ministry, and she will give another one who is at Exeter now." Mr. Berle also said: "There are fifteen or eighteen of us right near Boston whose parents are immigrants who are trying to teach the descendants of the Puritans what good Congregationalism is."

This is a side view of the presence of the foreigner in America, which deserves recognition and at the same time suggests serious thought. Of the graduates of our own Seminary, thirty-five out of sixty-four were young men born in other lands than our own, and most of the thirty-five unaccustomed to the name or faith of the Congregational churches. This is a very significant sign of our times. It is also every way honorable and encouraging. It is also a sign that is likely to be repeated again and again as our home missionary work advances and widens. A somewhat careful inspection of the lists of theological students reported in our Congregational seminaries leads us to think that one-fourth of the five hundred had their birth in a foreign land. The names and other indications suggest that not a few of the remaining three-fourths must have come from other than our native denominational homes.

While we rejoice in these accessions to our ministry from various lands and various modes of religious training, the question is a serious one whether the families of the native stock are not for some reason failing to set upon the ministry that high value that the fathers and mothers did in the earlier generations. It has been in the record of many an old New England town one chief distinction that it sent so many and the best of its sons to adorn the pulpit and to carry the gospel to regions beyond. Ministers themselves perpetuated in the successive generations of sons and grandsons the profession they loved and honored. The prayer of mother and father put a hallowed constraint upon the head of the dedicated child. Is that constraint falling as fervently and wisely upon the young men in our California Christian homes? Or is the defect due to the atmosphere of colleges and universities! It were a shame to us not to perpetuate the species of a native ministry.

In the Congregational way, the emphasis is put primarily upon the local congregation. Loyalty to the particular church with which one is connected is thus made an obvious and eminent obligation. That obligation is almost always expressed specifically and solemnly in the covenant which each member takes when received at the Lord's table. The integrity and growth and efficiency of the church depends upon the sensitiveness with which this covenant is regarded. No less do the real joy and usefulness of the individual disciple depend upon it. That disciple who hangs aloof and loose from his own company does not get the large benefit that comes of faithful fellowship. He is always making the heart of his brethren melt, because he does not fully follow the Lord. A blessing upon those who are found in their own seat and place, no matter what the attractions are elsewhere. A double blessing on such, when for any reason their own seat and place are not quite so attractive as usual!

The new occupant of the Chair of Church History in Union Seminary gave a clear-cut inaugural the other day. He holds that primitive Christianity was "the spirit of religious individualism based upon the felt presence of the Holy Ghost." Three steps were taken which resulted at last in the disappearance of the original Christianity: (1) The recognition of the teaching of the apostles as the exclusive standard and norm of Christian truth. (2) The confinement to the office of bishop of the power to determine what the teaching of the apostles is. (3) The designation of a specific institution—the Catholic Church—as the sole channel of divine grace. The disappearance of the primitive type continued till the Protestant Reformation, when there was emphasized once more "one ultimate authority for Christian truth, the Holy Spirit, who spoke to the apostles, and who still speaks to his people." Just what the distinction in authority is between what the Spirit taught the apostles and what he teaches now to every believer or to the whole company of present believers is the fine and large point on which we hope the fully published inaugural will give the public mind some illumination. As stated in the abstract we have seen, we should judge that the position taken would be very similar to that which was accepted by the Society of Friends. Even among them, however, there never was unanimity in keeping the nice balance between the light that belongs to the canon of Scripture and the light that shines in the individual mind. The genuine Protestant, however, if he does not quite say, "The Bible is the religion of Protestants," nevertheless does put a distinctive emphasis on the guidance given within the pages which have the stamp of the apostolic circle. The blessed prominence which we may and ought to give to the present action of the Comforter in the Church should not break down the eminence which was bestowed upon the authors of the New Testament.

The commission appointed by Parliament to take evidence as to the effect of opium upon the people of the East and as to the complicity of the British Government in India with the traffic in China has had a great many witnesses before it. The overwhelming testimony of those who are devoting their lives to the moral and spiritual good of men in those countries is, of course, severely averse to the policy which derives so large a revenue from the opium trade. No language can exaggerate in their view the hurtful effects of the drug, nor the reproach which is thus brought upon the English name. Still, it is possible to find other witnesses who profess to think that most who use opium in China do it moderately, and that a moderate use of it may have favorable results. At least, these witnesses say, it is no worse than alcohol. But the most telling witness to our mind was a former partner of the principal firm engaged in smuggling the drug fifty years ago. After ten years' experience and observation, his conscience awoke and he became convinced that as a Christian man he must renounce the business. One such evidence is mightier than that of ten others whose pecuniary interests is embarked in the traffic.

The trial of Professor Campbell before the Presbytery of Montreal resulted in his condemnation on two counts—first, that he holds a view of inspiration which impugns and discredits the Scriptures; and, second, a view of God which robs him of his authority as judge of the world. The Professor has appealed to the Synod. A despatch informs us that the appeal of Professor Henry P. Smith, late of Lane Seminary, to the Synod of Ohio, resulted in the confirmation of the decision of his Presbytery against him.

The brethren who were in such haste to change the Constitution of the Home Missionary Society, in order to bring its Executive Committee "in touch with the churches," did not stop, perhaps, to think that they were turning out two laymen whose terms had not expired, and failing to secure a single layman on the Committee as now organized.

PROFESSOR LLOYD'S LECTURES IN ALAMEDA.

If it is a sin for our churches not to use the good things prepared at their hand, it certainly would be a transgression of the law of love for one that had enjoyed a good thing not to let the others know of it. For two weeks Professor Lloyd has been bringing out to an audience of Bible students, averaging nearly 100 each night, "things new and old," in an exceedingly clear, convincing and interesting way. A desire for help in Bible study on the part of many led to an invitation from the Alameda church, to which Professor Lloyd cordially responded. The plan adopted provided for a two weeks' course of ten lectures on the great doctrines of the New Testament. It was decided to charge a nominal price of admission for a course ticket, to insure as far as possible a steady attendance. An exchangeable 50-cent ticket for the entire course of ten lectures put them within the reach of almost all who cared to come; single admission to any lecture 25 cents; children's course ticket half-price. This plan also helped a good deal towards covering the expenses of the course. Then, with a live, earnest committee of ladies to "constrain them to come in," the plan worked like a charm.

The interest was unflagging to the close, although to many doubtless the subjects at first sounded exceedingly doctrinally dry.

The subjects of the course were as follows: (1) General Principles of Bible Study. (2) Relations of the Books of the New Testament one to another. (3) Repentance. (4) Conversion. (5) Spiritual Birth. (6) Redemption. (7) Justification. (8) Sanctification. (9) Foreknowledge, Foreordination, Calling and Election. (10) Other Bible Figures and the Harmony of the Whole.

Large charts illustrated these doctrines and the method of studying them. A review each night preceding the lecture summed up what had gone before. The lecturer, graphic, enthusiastic, humorous and forcible, kept every one deeply interested, as he drove home the truth with great power of conviction. Professor Lloyd has remarkable gifts of vivid illustration. Many received a large impulse to Bible study; some were led to the light; others brought into greater sympathy with the great doctrines of the New Testament. All classes and denominations were represented—Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Agnostics, Unitarians—and the good done can only be measured in eternity. Why cannot most of our churches profit by such a "seminary extension" course? The chief problem will be, on the part of our professors, to find time for such popular courses. But so far as they can, they are eager to help the churches. This year, when the financial stress has so seriously interfered with educational interests, and in our Seminary, as elsewhere all through the country, the number of students is smaller, they may have more time for such outside work than they can hope for another year.

Golden opportunities are always on the move, and often do not pass by our way again. It is not always that teachers who are successful with classes of students are also gifted in these ways of popular instruction. But Professor Lloyd is not the only one in our Seminary faculty, by any means, who has this ability. In places, at such a distance from Oakland that a course could not be sandwiched in between the daily Seminary duties of our professors, it might be arranged in a two or three days' Bible institute (with the Sabbath included as one of the days, possibly, in which case some modification of the ticket plan would be necessary), and a great deal done by a morning, afternoon and evening session in each day. If we invite people for two or three days to lay aside everything they can, and prepare to attend, as they would for revival services, and impress the great importance of improving such rare opportunities for Bible study, they will respond cheerfully and gladly. A farmer knocks off work for two or three days to attend a fair. A Christian farmer will do it as readily for God's Word. If the Committee on Seminary Extension, appointed recently at the Bay Conference, would now publish in THE PACIFIC hints as to courses and lectures, many of us would welcome the information. This is one direction of spiritual quickening for us and our churches, and of the most helpful and stimulating sort, too, that can well engage our most thoughtful attention. For in the interests of spiritual upbuilding, as well as conviction of sinners, nothing equals the study of the Word.

W. W. SCUDDER, Jr.

MINISTERIAL RELIEF.

[Report of Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook, President of the Congregational Ministerial Relief Society of California, to the General Association, October 4, 1893]:

I hold in my hand the account current of the Treasurer, by which it appears that the fund of the Society on September 9, 1893, amounted to $1,824.05, deposited in three banks on interest. Since then there has been received from Mr. Edward Coleman his annual contribution of $100, and from eleven other individuals $11, making a total of $1,935.05. The income from this fund will be quite inadequate for the purpose for which this Society was formed. We should, as speedily as possible, raise the fund to $10,000, at least, as a permanency. The M. E. Church in this country expends annually $400,000 for this object, and the Presbyterians have a permanent fund of $1,200,000. The Congregationalists of Connecticut have the most liberal arrangements for ministerial relief of any body in our denomination, and a large majority of their churches make annual contributions, and yet they have never been able to meet the reasonable demands of the needy.

Happily, thus far there have been but few cases in this State requiring aid from our small fund, but in the course of time they will undoubtedly increase, and there is a liability at any time that individuals and families may be compelled to call for help, and we should be prepared to render it.

The unexpected is constantly happening. Were there time I could relate many cases which illustrate this point. One such has recently come to my knowledge. It is that of one of the famous Iowa Band, a long-time friend of mine, now advanced in years, who labored faithfully many years as a frontier home missionary and subsequently acted as superintendent of home missions in another Western State, organizing many churches; and at last retired on what he and his devoted wife had saved from a scanty salary by the strictest economy, and which they supposed would afford them a modest support in old age. But unfortunately one and another of his small investments failed, until they were reduced to most straitened circumstances. Through my effort, however, they have been able to secure a small appropriation from the Relief Society in New York, which was organized through my efforts while Home Missionary Secretary there.

Another case, among quite a number reported by the Secretary of the National Council Fund, is that of Rev. Dr. I., one of the most eloquent, cultured and devoted divines of our denomination, who, after a long and successful pastorate, broke down at 60 years of age, with a most relentless and excrutiatingly painful disease. He was compelled to seek relief in travel, which exhausted his last dollar, and with his wife and daughter in delicate health, he could get no help from his own State, which had no relief fund, although in the days of his health and activity he had urged the importance of it, little dreaming that he should have personal need of it. The committee of the National Society, however, granted him $170, and when the last installment was paid, he was at the bedside of a dying wife and was relieved of the distressing anxiety as to the means of giving her a decent burial. And so we little know who may be placed in similar trying circumstances, perchance some who themselves little anticipate this result.

I confess I am surprised beyond measure at the apathy manifested in regard to this relief movement by individual ministers and churches in this State, with a few notable exceptions. Although this General Association has recommended by unanimous vote that our churches should take an annual collection for this fund, and that ministers, with such laymen as are disposed to do so, should contribute $1 each annually, yet few have complied with the recommendation. Should they do so, generally, there would at no distant day be a fund created honorable to our State and to our denomination.

I give in conclusion the following resolutions, heartily and unanimously adopted by our National Congregational Council, at the session of 1892:

"First, we emphasize as one of the most pressing and sacred duties now before our churches, the long-delayed work of providing adequately for the relief of aged or disabled Congregational ministers, and of the destitute widows and orphan children of ministers.

"Secondly, that we favor in every State the establishment of an efficient relief organization or committee to be maintained by a moderate annual collection from each church.

"Thirdly, that we particularly and urgently request every pastor and church to arrange at the earliest practicable date for a full and forcible presentation of this subject to the end that information may be diffused, that interest may be awakened, and that each congregation may have the opportunity for making a contribution."

If our Saviour, as we are taught in Matt. xxv, regards every act of beneficence to the least of his disciples as done to himself, may we not conclude that it is even more emphatically so if that disciple has been brought into circumstances of need by sacrificing his opportunities for accumulating property, that he might preach his gospel and build up his kingdom on earth?

It will be one of the pleasantest recollections of my residence in California, if I am able to secure an adequate relief fund; and if we shall be permitted to look down from a better world on the scenes of earth, nothing will afford us more satisfaction than the thought that we have contributed to it, as we shall behold the beneficent operation of this society in relieving our successors in the ministry, and their families, who may be reduced to straitened circumstances by reason of their devotion to the cause of our Master.

JOHN C. HOLBROOK.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CONVENTION.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D.D., of this city, will deliver the opening address of the thirteenth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of California in Stockton. Wednesday evening, November 8th, and on Thursday evening, the 9th, Irving M. Scott, Esq., of the Union Iron Works, will address the young men. It is expected a large number of college students from the college Associations of the State will be in attendance, and the Convention promises to be one of interest and profit. Reduced railroad rates will be secured, and all accredited delegates will be entertained by the citizens of Stockton. On Saturday afternoon, the 11th, an athletic exhibition will be given in one of the parks of Stockton, to be participated in by the young men of the gymnasiums of the Associations in various parts of the State, and quite valuable presents have been offered by different firms of this city. It will, in all probability, be the best gathering of Christian young men which has ever taken place in California.

The Educational Department of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association for the thirteenth consecutive year opens November 1st. They are publishing an attractive illustrated prospectus giving full particulars in regard to the closing season in the old building, as they expect to open work in the fall of 1894 in the new building now in process of erection, corner Ellis and Mason streets. Special attractions and opportunities offered young men for spiritual, social, intellectual and physical development at the building, 232 Sutter street, this season.

The report of the Treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M., for the year ending August 31, 1893, shows:

RECEIPTS.

Donations	$483,187 78
Legacies	146,759 00
From legacy of Asa Otis	30,864 73
From legacy of Samuel W. Swett	7,000 00
Interest on permanent fund	11,474 43
Balance on hand Sept. 1, 1892	728 99
	$679,014 91

EXPENDITURES.

Cost of missions	$709,510 75
Cost of agencies	20,771 76
Cost of publications	9,846 87
Cost of administration	28,204 28
	$768,333 66
Deficit	88,318 73

Sir Wilfred Lawson, in *North American Review*, one of our ablest public men, when once he began to look this business in the face, saw that legislation could do nothing to promote temperance except by diminishing the legalized temptations to drinking. "A local option resolution passed the House of Commons April 27, 1883, by 264 against 177, and since its adoption we have had five different governments, most of whose members supported the resolution, yet nothing has been done to carry it into effect."

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House on Thursday, October 5, 1893. On recommendation of the Committee on Distribution, grants of Bibles, Testaments and Portions were made to the value of about $1,648, including consignments for colportage work in Yucatan, Venezuela and Colombia. The issues from the Bible House in September were 89,169 volumes; issues since April 1, 1893, 523,477 volumes.

In Dr. C. O. Brown's review of Dr. Josiah Strong's book, "The New Era," the second part of which was in the PACIFIC last week, the proof-reader made the mistake of saying "times" in the equation where the copy has x as the result. And "Mr. Strong assumes that the proposition will continue to hold," in the copy reads "proportion." There are some other minor mistakes.

The article last week, "On Quoting Others," was by our good brother Rev. W. H. McDougal. The initials were wrongly given as W. H. C. D.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The liquor-dealers are already seeking to nullify one of the good points in the new law which goes into effect on the first of November. The point in question is that which prohibits the issuing of a bar-room license to any place located within 400 feet of a church or schoolhouse. Everybody except the liquor-dealers and those owned by them admitted, when the new law was passed by Congress, that this prohibition was an excellent thing, and it was expected that its enforcement would close a number of bar-rooms. This week a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives proposing an amendment to this law which would compel the authorities to issue licenses to all bar-rooms so situated at the time the original law was enacted. In other words, the law would then only operate as a preventative of the establishment of new bar-rooms within 400 feet of a school or church, and leave all the old ones. In order to make friends for this bill among Congressmen the statement is made that unless the law is amended bar-room licenses cannot legally be issued to several of the largest hotels and clubs. It would be a good thing if that statement were true—if there were no bar-rooms in those hotels many mothers and daughters would carry away pleasanter remembrances of their visits to Washington—but it isn't, and nobody knows it any better than the liquor-dealers, for many of them have taken advantage of the clause in the new license law which compels the authorities to issue a bar-room license to the proprietor of every established hotel having 20 or more rooms who may apply therefor by calling their places hotels, making the required number of rooms by means of partitions set up in ordinary sized rooms. It remains to be seen whether Congress will pass this bill and confirm the bold claim of the liquor-dealers, that they can secure any legislation they desire, or will in the interest of good order and morality, defeat it.

The House of Representatives yesterday passed the bill for the repeal of the Federal election laws; and today began the consideration of the McCreary bill to amend the Geary Chinese exclusion law, which will almost certainly be passed in a very few days, possibly this week. It is understood that the Chinese government requested an extension of the time in which Chinamen residing in the United States might register under the Geary law, and promised that they would register if the time was extended, as proposed by the McCreary bill.

From Washington to India is a longer bridal tour than is usually taken, but a couple married last night—Rev. T. S. Wynkoop and Miss Mary Marion Dodge—will sail on Saturday from New York for Liverpool en route for India, where Mr. Wynkoop and his bride will engage in missionary work. Hundreds of their Washington friends wish them Godspeed.

At a very interesting meeting of the Sunday-School Union held Monday evening the seven Washington delegates who attended the recent Sunday School conventions at St. Louis made reports in the shape of short talks under the following heads: "A Bird's-eye View of the Convention," by the Congregational delegate; "The People I saw there," by the Methodist delegate; "Facts in Figures"—42,000,000 persons now enrolled in American Sunday-schools—by the Presbyterian delegate; "The International Lesson Committee's Report," by the Baptist delegate; "The Field Worker of the Internatianal Committee," by one of the Episcopal delegates; and a review of the addresses of Mrs. Kraft and Miss Johnson on "Primary Work in the Sunday-school," and the "Atmosphere of the School-room," by another Episcopal delegate. It was a novel way of rendering these reports, and was enjoyed very much—much more than reports made in the usual way would have been.

One would not suppose that it would be necessary to get a decision of the United States Supreme Court in order to convince any one that lager beer was an intoxicating liquor; but, inasmuch as Mr. Garland, ex-Attorney General of the United States, in asking the Supreme Court to advance certain cases upon the docket, stated that these cases involved the question whether or not lager beer is an intoxicating liquor within the meaning of the United States statutes, it seems that it is.

The Supreme Court began its fall term with one empty chair, the nomination of Mr. Hornblower of New York to succeed the late Justice Blatchford not having yet been confirmed.

Never before have the colored ministers and churches taken such an active interest in aiding to reduce the number of liquor saloons in Washington as they are doing at this time. A special sermon was preached by one of their ministers on the subject last Sunday in which he correctly told his hearers that the liquor-dealer, whose character he declared was no better than the thieves who robbed the travelers between Jerusalem and Jericho, was the worst foe the colored man had.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the last Monday Club Rev. W. A. Tenney read a good paper on "Neglected Essentials in Preparation for the Gospel Ministry." We shall give it to our readers. Next week Rev. H. H. Wikoff will address the Club, on "Holding the General Association Over Sunday."

On Sunday evening, "sailors' evening," there was a very large audience present at the First church, among whom were scores of seamen. A sea-captain who was present said: "I have sailed the sea all my life, and have been all over the world. This is the first service of this kind that I have ever attended or heard of outside of a seamen's bethel."

At the Fourth church Evangelist F. L. Smith held services morning and evening. Pastor H. H. Wikoff is away with Superintendent Harrison in the northern part of the State.

On the evening of October 9th a church of sixteen members was organized in Seventh-avenue chapel by Rev. Philip Coombe, who has preached there for some time. This church begins with much promise, having a good chapel on a fine lot 75x120 feet, on the southwest corner of Seventh and Clement avenues. A Sunday-school has been held in the chapel for years. Buildings are now going up in the vicinity, and this church promises soon to be one of the churches that will not only maintain itself, but help others, and do much in extending the Redeemer's kingdom in the western part of this city.

At the Park church Professor R. R. Lloyd preached in the morning.

The current number of *Our Bethany* is a model for a local paper. Certainly, nothing in it is more worthy of consideration than our Brother Jee Gam's story of "How God Has Led Me These Thirty Years."

At the Conference of professors of theological seminaries held at Chicago under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, Professor Charles S. Nash of Oakland was invited to speak on the matter of the spiritual training of students for the ministry.

Professor W. W. Lovejoy supplied Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland.

Rev. A. E. Armstrong of Colorado ministered to the Pilgrim church; subjects, "Naming His Flock," and "A Great Speaker."

The church at Goshen, Tulare county, is building a house of worship.

Rev. J. A. Thomas preached at Gwin mine on October 8th, and organized a Sunday-school of forty members.

Rev. C. A. Huntington supplied the First church in Eureka during the absence of Rev. Griffith Griffiths at the meeting of the Association. On Sunday, October 8th, he baptized eight young ladies that were little children in his Sunday-school when he came to Eureka twelve years ago, who have declined to come in under any of his successors. One of them is dying of consumption. He baptized her into the church a week before. Seven of her companions, at her dying solicitation, received baptism and the Lord's Supper with her at her bedside last Sunday week. He writes, "It was the most precious hour of all my life in Eureka."

The church at Antioch is providing the people of that place with a series of lectures. The first in the course will be delivered on Friday evening by Rev. Wm. Rader; subject, "Love, Courtship and Marriage."

At San Rafael a special effort is made to hold the children in the church service. The opening exercises of the morning service are followed by a short sermon for the children, after which they are allowed to pass out and spend the rest of the hour in Junior and Infant Endeavor meetings. The San Rafael Y. P. S. C. E. is also worthy of special mention in one of its features. It has caught the spirit of its mother church, in warm sympathy with the Salvation Army, and has welcomed the soldiers to its meetings. The result is that nearly one-half of its members are from the Army. Its meetings are full of life, and its membership is constantly increasing.

EASTERN.

At the meeting of the Mitchell Association at Nora, Iowa, October 3d, the question "Is the Lental season the best time for the Week of Prayer?" was discussed. Is it not time to put the desire of so many for a change of the Week of Prayer from the first week in January to Lent into practice?

The *Congregational Life*, published in St. Louis, is more particularly the organ of the churches in that city and vicinity, as it contains their notices and news, and treats of affairs of common interest to them all.

The church of South Hero and Grand Isle, Vermont, is one church, with two places of regular worship. The church meets as a whole only once a year. It held its annual meeting September 27th.

September 29th a meeting of ten adjoining churches was held at Winthrop, N. Y. This meeting was a most happy affair, and the like of it will be held again.

October 1st eighteen were received into the University church, Chicago, of which Rev. N. I. Rubinkam is pastor.

Rev. B. Fay Mills is expected at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in November. Great preparations are making.

A church of nineteen members was organized October 4th at Wattsville, near Monroe, Nebraska.

The Compton Hill church, St. Louis, has begun the erection of a house of worship, to cost $25,000.

ANOTHER NEW CHURCH.

The Dougherty Station Congregational church, the youngest member of sisterhood churches, held its first communion service last Suuday, October 15th. Rev. W. H. Cooke conducted the services, preaching from the text Acts iv: 13, "And they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." The interest manfested is very encouraging. There was a congregation of twenty-seven adults and about thirty children. Mr. Cooke will remain and conduct services during the week.

This church is the outgrowth of a Sunday-school which was organized June 7, 1891, by Rev. L. L. Wirt, with but ten members. Dougherty Station, sometimes called Dublin, had been always considered a poor field for missionary effort, four previous failures in Sunday-schools being thought sufficient to smother any thought of a fifth attempt. But Mr. Wirt was not daunted, and sent his effort forth with prayers and plans for the future. The people were slow to believe in the future of the school, but the children took hold of it, and have attended faithfully and worked persistently for the good of the effort. They considered the work their own from the first, and such has been their earnestness and enthusiasm that their work is telling now upon the parents. "A little child shall lead them."

On February 27, 1892, a Christian Endeavor Society was organized, and has held meetings, and distributed cards, and prayed for the Holy Spirit. This society has done much to educate the people up to an idea of what "religion" means. The want of a proper conception of that has been the cause of the indifference of the people. From our experience, Christian Endeavor is to be recommended to the fields that are unable to have a church. Student preaching was held from September, 1891, to December, 1892, and had been discontinued since. A Boys' Brigade was organized, and continues its work, since December of last year.

The church was felt to be needed in order to hold the fruits of the work being done and to "show forth the Lord's death till he come." We start with the belief that we will grow under the blessing of the Spirit until such time as we are able to support a pastor. We do not intend to throw the burden of our work upon the Missionary Society, but, following the apostolic method, will meet for fellowship and communion as regularly as possible. That there is much good soil is shown from a Bible class of twenty members from seventeen years to about fifty-five. It has been necessary with each progressive step from the Sunday-school to the church to impress the people with the stability of the movement, and such it is hoped will be the result of Mr. Cooke's work during the week.

C. McD.

DOUGHERTY STATION, Oct. 15, 1893.

Y. P. S. C. E.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Editor Pacific: The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Second Congregational church, Oakland, has taken a new departure. On Friday evening of last week (13th inst.), it gave a free literary and musical social, the first of a series to continue through the winter. The neat parlor of the church was well filled with young folks eager to hear what new scheme was to be proposed for their profit. After singing and prayer Miss M. E. Blythe read a paper on "The Origin and Growth of the Society," and was followed by Mr. B. B. Williams with one on its "Aims and Ends."

The pastor, Rev. G. W. Henning, stated the special object of the meeting, and outlined a course of study that had been approved by the Committee, embracing ancient, profane and Bible history; modern history; the history of the Christian church; some studies in comparative theology, Christian evidences; the history of the Reformation; the development of Protestantism; and finally, history, doctrines and polity of Congregationalism; the whole course to be embraced in thirty minutes' readings, within about four months. Meetings are to be held weekly for recitations, etc., and monthly meetings for public exercise. The course will not infringe on sectarian ground until it comes to the study of Congregationalism, at which point those of other denominations may take up their respective preferences.

About twenty of the young folks enlisted enthusiastically and will begin at once. Mr. Henning said that the Christian Endeavor movement is the greatest religious movement of the century, which, if wisely directed, will eventuate in the speedy obliteration of narrow sectarian lines, and the practical federation of Protestantism on the broad platform of the Endeavor pledge.

A recess was next in order, which was spent in introductions, games, music (kindly furnished by Miss Alice Carrington), etc., while the older folks looked on, wonderingly at first, and then fell into line to be young again. "The world do move."

Oct. 14, 1893. YOUNG ENDEAVOR.

OBITUARIES.

The Congregational church of Petaluma has lost by death two estimable members in less than a week. Mrs. Minnie Codding, the wife of Mr. George C. Codding, died Friday, October 6, 1893, aged 26 years. Mrs. Codding was a native of Waterbury, Vermont. She was for many years the organist for the Congregational church, and one of the efficient active members of the Society of Christian Endeavor. Less than a year ago she was united in marriage with Mr. George C. Codding, son of Deacon Codding, deceased. Only a few weeks ago they had returned from a visit to her native place. She was buried Sunday, October 8th. Rev. W. W. Madge, her pastor, officiated at the funeral service. The walls of the grave were lined with beautiful flowers, and the casket was lowered into a cushion of the same. There were many beautiful floral designs, the gifts of sympathizing friends—among them a large floral monument from the Society of Christian Endeavor. Mrs. Codding leaves a husband and boy-child, a sister and widowed mother, Mrs. Mary H. Colby, who for many years has been, and still is, the efficient teacher of the Chinese school in Petalums. The bereaved have the deepest sympathy of the entire community.

Mrs. Bella Johnson, wife of Mr. Henry Johnson, died October 10, 1893, aged forty-nine. Mrs. Johnson was a native of Portland, Oregon. When a child she was taken to the Sandwich Islands, and lived in a missionary family there. Soon after her marriage to Mr. Johnson they left Honolulu, and settled in the suburbs of Petaluma. For a number of years Mrs. Johnson was a member of the choir of the Congregational church, and was a fine alto singer. She was an efficient member of the church, and of the Ladies' Aid Society, and a zealous laborer in every good work. Mrs. Johnson was President of the Woman's Relief Corps of Antietam Post, G. A. R. The funeral took place in the Congregational church, which was filled to the door with sympathizing friends, Rev. W. W. Madge officiating. The exercises at the grave were conducted by the ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps. Many flowers attested the esteem of the citizens. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn their loss. Both ladies are a great loss to the Congregational Church.

A. L. RANKIN.

A NEW COURSE OF STUDY.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature announces its usual correspondence courses for the year, in the Hebrew, the New Testament Greek and the English Bible. This department of the Institute work goes steadily on from year to year, graduating a goodly number annually, and enrolling about the same number. The work is of such a thorough, scholarly character that it cannot increase faster than the desire of the people to devote time and earnest mental effort to the study of the Bible.

Many plans for widening the field of the Institute work will be discussed at the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, to be held in New York city, October 21st. It is certain that much attention will be given to a plan of Bible study for the numerous organizations for Christian work, notably the Young Peoples' Societies.

Two great advantages of this plan are that the time required is but fifteen minutes a day, and that the cost is but fifty cents a year. Further, the course embraces four years of work, covering in that time the entire Bible, under four great subjects; viz., The Life of Christ, The Founding of the Christian Church, Old Testament History and Prophecy, and Old Testament Legislation and Poetry. No books are required save the Revised Version of the Bible, and a small Bible Dictionary, everywhere available. The work may be done by individuals or in clubs. No leader is required, as the Institute supplies all directions for work, question sheets, etc., and reports are made directly to the headquarters of the Institute. A specimen of the first month's work may be obtained by addressing the office of the Institute, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill., William R. Harper Principal.

MARRIED.

ST. CLAIR—LUPTON.—In the parlors of the Y. M. C. A., October 9, 1893, by Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Harrison F. St. Clair and Miss Alicia L. Lupton, both of San Jose.

BIGGART — WHITEHOUSE.— By Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., at his residence, 1359 Post street, October 14, 1893, John Biggart of San Francisco and Miss Lillie Whitehouse of Eureka.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, OCT. 29.

I COR. VIII: 1-13.

Abstinence for the Sake of Others.

BY REV. CHARLES E. CHASE.

Golden Text.—We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves (Rom. xv: 1).

"An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless."

INTRODUCTION.

Leaving the rich Epistle to the Romans, we now turn to the equally precious letter written by Paul from Ephesus to the Corinthians. Our limits forbid its analyses here, but it is hoped the student will read with care from beginning to end, dwelling long upon the great passages about love and the resurrection, in chapters thirteen and fifteen. The part selected for this lesson teaches by inference that the apparently insignificant questions of life should be determined by great principles, and directly what principle should determine a certain sort of such questions.

THE LESSON TEXT.

(V. 1.) (*a*) Only part of the animal offered in sacrifice to the idol was laid on the altar. Of the remaining part a share belonged to the priest, the balance to him who made the offering. These remaining portions were sold in the market or eaten at feasts. Could Christians partake of such meat? Some said yes, for the meat was the same as any other (V. 4), while others said no, for the meat was defiled. (Acts xv: 29.)

(*b*) All, that is all to whom these words are directed, have knowledge in this respect, that an idol is nothing. But this knowledge, or, to enlarge the view, any knowledge without charity is insuffident. Without love it is apt to be heartless, and proud, and selfish. With love it is a sanctified power for the help of others.

(V. 2.) When one thinks he knows all, or that his knowledge is complete without the light of love, even though he can state the facts with mathematical exactness, knows not yet as he ought to know, has not yet an appreciation of the purpose of knowledge. In this instance he knows the idol is nothing, but not that how he uses his knowledge is much. Therefore, he knows not as he ought to know.

(V. 3.) All love is right that flows from this fountain. Whoever loves God sincerely, deeply, loves man also with a devotion that cannot be concealed. And such an one God knows and owns in the sense of approval and favor. (II Tim. ii: 19; John xiv: 23.)

(Vs. 4–6.) The image is nothing but the inanimate material from which it is made. Even the God it is supposed to represent is but a creature of the imagination. From visible idol to invisible idea, nothing is real. There are many called gods, which to some are indeed as gods, for their lives are ruled by them. But in reality for all, and consciously for us, there is but one God, the Father, by whom are all things.

(V. 8.) Leaving charity out of the account, and trusting knowledge only, the matter may be settled by what is here stated. Christians may eat any wholesome food. The mere eating is not a moral question. But by taking charity into the account the situation changes.

(Vs. 7, 9, 10.) Some have not the clear knowledge, and do not understand, that the idol is nothing. To appreciate this we need to remember the place and time. These people were in the midst of idol worship, and until now some of them had probably engaged in it. To them it was real, and to eat the meat thus offered was to them a violation of conscience; yet the weak will follow the strong. If the stronger eat, the weaker follow, even against conscience, and are thus led to commit sin. In this way is the liberty of the strong used for the injury of the weak.

(V. 11.) He who sins against conscience is in a dangerous way. The idea expressed in the Revised Version is that he shall perish. No one, therefore, should use his knowledge or liberty in such a way as to lead a weaker one to fall. This, indeed, would be the blind leading the blind—the leader blind for want of charity, the other in the dark for want of knowledge.

(V. 12.) The strong are debtors to the weak, as the golden text explains. Whoever injures or neglects the ill-favored, the weak, the little ones, sins against Christ.

(V. 13.) This, in conclusion, is the true solution. If my use of meat injures another by leading him astray, I will refrain from it always. It is not here meant that our conduct must in every instance be approved by others, or that in our fidelity to duty we will never give offense, but that no conduct in which we are allowed the liberty of choice will be such as to lead another wrong, or to deaden another's sensibilities as to right and duty.

NOTES.

Not exactly like it, but in some respects suggested by the question of this lesson, is that of our relation to temperance. Abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquor is easily sustained as a wise and right measure for one's own sake; but abstinence for the sake of others is the higher motive. A question of influence is involved. It is, Am I, as pertaining to this custom, my brother's keeper? and the answer is, Yes. Allowing that one may believe in his own ability to drink intoxicants with safety, he must know that with those most likely to be influenced by his example it is still an experiment, and one in which the larger number are sure to fail. Can any one with good conscience indulge his appetite in the face of such danger? Card-playing is, perhaps, more nearly parallel to the incident of this lesson. The games are offered to the gambler's idol. Without the chance element with the gambling facilities afforded, they would be no more attractive than many other pastimes. No one who plays cards can be ignorant of this, and yet the games "in themselves" are acknowledged to be harmless; and many who would not play for money stakes play for pastime only. But is this right? The *Golden Rule*, October 12th, has some good answers to the question. Let all the facts be gathered, the influence, the easy steps from card-playing to card business, with all its attending evils, and try the question by the principle of this lesson, and can it then seem innocent and right?

And it may be suggested that the right or wrong of other customs, as Sunday traveling, theater-going, and dancing, might be determined by the same comprensive method, keeping in mind always that the decision must not turn on the question, "Will the indulgence hurt me," but will it injure my weaker brother for whom Christ died?

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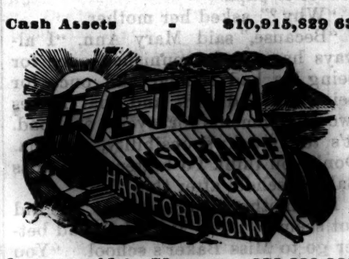

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And the name of every plant,
The solstices and equinox.
The only things I do not know
Are how to cook and how to sew."

—*Chicago News Record.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

"All I am I owe to my mother."

So said the most typical American of Americans, Abraham Lincoln.

Only recently has Mr. Lincoln's genealogy been definitely ascertained. On his father's side he came from the Puritan stock. His mother belonged to a family of Quakers. From Uriah Hanks was descended Nancy, the mother of the illustrious God-given martyr President.

She was a winsome Virginian maiden, tall, dark, dignified, with few equals in her day for grace of manner and intellectual attainments. Her reverent, devout nature was given her by generations of pious ancestors, men who believed in God, feared him and nobody else.

She went with her brave husband out on the frontiers of Western life, leaving behind the sunny South. Few books were to be had, except her constant volume, the Bible, and her noble conduct accords with its precepts. She longed for a larger life, but patiently endured her lot. Yet do not wonder that the almond-shaped eyes looked sadly into the past, and a shadow often threw itself across her benign face as she reflected upon a cheerless present and a dismal future.

Her home was a log cabin of one room only. No door had been hung. The skin of a deer stretched across the opening—a poor protection for the winter's blast. The stars could be seen as she lay on her rude bed of straw. In this shelter Abraham Lincoln was born, on February 12, 1809; and when he was ten years old he was left motherless.

In after years, he spake of her, this great woman, so brief a space given to him, and given amid such fearful odds, such poverty, such hardship. The verdict he gave is: "All I am I owe to my mother."

Oh, men of America, what a testimony from our greatest modern American! Ay, the greatest of all our heroes! And how many more could re-echo his words, if called upon for testimony! And you, the mothers of our great ones and of all the "leal" hearted and brave, such a message as this to you is a thrill of joy.

She it was who, in ten short years of his infant life, so moulded his character, purified his ambitions, made his aims and him all he was to us and the race, that, in his after days and amid all his checkered life, she still remained his guiding angel, the star of his proud, glorious destiny, until the assassin's bullet set him free to rejoin the mother to whom he owed so much.—*Ledger.*

TOO MUCH 'SPONSIBILITY.

There were seven of them—Nora, Ella, Jenny, Arthur, Willy, Merrick and Mary Ann, and they had all been bad children. That is to say, they had disobeyed the teacher. But the teacher did not know it for some time afterward. This is the way he found it out:

It was along toward two o'clock in the afternoon; he had heard the class in grammer recite, and the big boys' and girls' physical geography lesson, and was now drilling the second class in mental arithmetic. He had just asked Joseph Corrick the question:

"If thirteen goats cost $52, what will eight goats cost?"

"Be prompt," he said, sharply; for in his exercises he required the scholars to think quickly, without stopping even one minute to reckon. Suddenly there came a loud knock at the door. Joseph felt relieved with the teacher's eye off him, and cried out "32," just as the teacher threw open the door.

There stood Farmer Campbell in his blue shirt-sleeves, an ox whip in his hand, and with a very red and angry looking face.

"See here, Mr. Melvin," he exclaimed, "some of them there scholars of yours have been getting on my haystack again, spite my telling you last week to make 'em keep off. They've pushed half of it down flat on the ground, a-slidin' off and on it, and now I want it stopped, once and for all;" and he set his heavy foot down very hard and glared around the room threateningly.

Then Nora, Ella, Jenny, Arthur, Willy, Merrick and Mary Ann would all have fairly quaked in their shoes, only that they were barefooted, for they knew they were the guilty ones. And the good children, those who had kept away from the forbidden stack, looked on much interested. It was a change from the grammar and the physical geography, and the mental arithmetic lessons, you know.

"How many of you have disobeyed me about getting on that hay again?" asked the teacher, sternly.

"There were seven of 'em," interposed the farmer. "I seen 'em runnin' away from it when your bell rang, and I counted jest seven. I was mad enough to have attended to 'em myself, right then and there, every one of 'em, but I couldn't leave my oxen, and they was down the road a spell."

Here farmer Campbell glanced out of the window at his oxen, and seeing that they were leisurely walking away down the road, he hurriedly walked away after them.

"Those seven scholars that were on Mr. Campbell's hay stand up," commanded the teacher.

There was a solemn pause. You could have heard a pin fall, it was so quiet.

Then Mary Ann, the teacher's own daughter, and the youngest of the seven, rose slowly to her feet. "I was on the haystack, papa," she said, soberly.

"You, Mary Ann!" said her father in a stern voice. "Go stand in the middle of the floor."

Mary Ann blushed very red and obeyed, and the good children looked on still more interested.

"Who were the others?" asked the teacher.

Then Nora, Ella, Jenny, Arthur, Willy and Merrick rose.

"All of you stand on the floor!" said the teacher.

So the whole seven of them stood there in a row on the floor, and the teacher gave them a severe lecture on disobedience, and closed by saying:

"You will stand there for half an hour. And as for you, Mary Ann, I will attend to you at home."

So after school little Mary Ann was punished again. And when her mother put her to bed that night, Mary Ann whispered in her ear:

"Mamma, I don't like to go to school to papa."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Because," said Mary Ann, "I always have to be punished once for being his bad scholar and once for being his bad girl, and that makes two punishments for every one bad. It's too much 'sponsibility, mamma. Don't you think I'd better go to Miss Baker's school after this?"

Her mother laughed, but she did not seem to think Mary Ann had better go to Miss Baker's school. "You must be good," Mary Ann, "and then you won't have to be punished at all," she said.

WHAT YOU CAN DO.

You cannot set the world right, or the times, but you can do something for the truth; and all you can do will certainly tell if the work you do is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance makes perfect satisfaction and repose possible even in the partial work done upon the earth.

Go to the man who is carving a stone for a building; ask him where is that stone going, to what part of the temple, and how is he going to get it into place, and what does he do? He points you to the builder's plans. This is only one stone of many.

So when men shall ask where and how is your little achievement going into God's plan, point them to your Master, who keeps the plans, and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.—*Phillips Brooks.*

CONFESSING CHRIST AT THE PIT'S MOUTH.—Richard Weaver says: "Many young converts immediately after their conversion to Christ are sore afraid of confessing him. Well do I remember the first morning after I was converted. As I went up to work the men were seated around the pit's mouth, and as soon as I came in sight they began to look at each other and laugh. I almost knew what I was going to get, but I said nothing. I had not been afraid of men before my conversion, and, God helping me, I was not going to be after it. So simply praying, 'O God, help me,' I was preparing to go about my work, when one of them said, 'Is it true, Richard?' 'What is true?' I asked. 'That you are converted?' 'Yes,' I said, 'it is true.' 'What are you going to make of it?' was the rejoinder, but next moment over half a dozen of the men cried, 'Would to God it was so with us!' We started an inquiry-meeting there and then, and six of them were soon rejoicing with me in the salvation of Christ."

There is a little trick about the statue of Fulton in Statuary Hall that few visitors ever see. Fulton is represented with a model of his great discovery in his hand. Standing at the left and looking at his face there is the most hopeless kind of an expression on his features. Walk slowly around in front of the figure, and the expression changes to one of hope. The farther you go toward the right the more hopeful the face becomes, until at the extreme right it bursts suddenly into a look that almost says: "I've got it."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

We live by trusting one another.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a sunny morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would," said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*The Young Reaper.*

A MARTIAL GOOSE.

From Stuttgart the death is reported of a goose well known to naturalists all over the world. The eccentric fowl, while still a gosling, abandoned its flock, dismissed all recollections of its infancy, repudiated the conventional views and habits of geese, and boldly marching into the barracks of a Uhlan regiment, stationed itself one fine day ne t to the sentry-box. Touched by its predilection for their corps, the Uhlans erected a shed for the goose, and for twenty-three years neither threats nor persuasions have been able to separate the martial bird from its adopted regiment for any length of time. It has at different times changed quarters with the corps from Esslingen to Elm, thence to Ludwigburg, and back again to Elm. And when the Uhlans went to fight for their country, the forsaken and desolate goose took up for the time with a battalion of infantry; but no sooner did the first Uhlan re-enter the town than the goose marched up to meet them, and returned with them to her old quarters. She has now been stuffed, and is to be seen in a glass case on the gate of the barracks at Stuttgart.—*Christian Woman.*

A STORY OF THE PICKET LINE.

One foggy morning, in the winter of 1862–63, my comrade thought he heard the sound of oars on the river, and gave the usual challenge. The answer came back through the darkness and the mist, for he could see no one, "I suppose I am what you call a rebel, but I have no arms, and I want very much to ask a favor of you." "What is it?" asked the Yank. "My mother died a few days ago," came back. "I have a sister living in Illinois, and I have written a letter to her, telling all about mother's death, and mother's last message to her, and I want you to forward the letter; I have it here, unsealed, and you can read it if you wish, to see that it is all right." The picket hesitated—it might be all right, and it might not—but the invisible stranger pleaded so hard, and in such tone, that his heart was touched, and his better nature ruled. He answered, "If you have no arms, you may come ashore." The sound of oars was again heard, and the picket watched eagerly in that direction. At length he saw a boat, containing a single man in gray, coming through the fog. The visitor landed, and handed the letter to the picket. By this time the latter had full faith in the former's story, and did not care to read the letter. The two enemies thus strangely brought together were having an interesting chat over war matters, when the corporal of the picket came along and could do no less than take both of them into custody, as the picket had disobeyed positive orders. They were taken before the general commanding the divison, when the picket told his story, saying he alone was to blame, but the story of the man in gray had aroused his sympathy, and he allowed him to come ashore with the letter, and that with the promise that he should go back in safety to his own side of the river. He handed the letter, still unsealed, to the general, in proof that there was nothing wrong in it. The general did not wish to read the letter, but told the picket that this was war, war was necessarily cruel, and it would not do for a soldier to allow his sympathies to be worked upon; that no wrong had been done this time, but he must be more careful or he would not only get himself into trouble, but might be the means of bringing disaster upon his comrades, and even upon the army. He then informed the foeman that the letter should be forwarded to his sister, and ordered the corporal to take the two men back to the picket post, place the picket on duty again, and allow the enemy to return to his army. The corporal obeyed, and the picket had the satisfaction of having performed a kind deed to a foeman, of seeing his new friend recross the river, and of witnessing the cordial welcome which he received from his own comrades when he arrived there.—*Blue and Gray.*

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

In the art of entertaining our friends we are more apt to err in the observance than in the breach. There is no method of rendering even the most self-consequential individual so uncomfortable as by over-obsequious attention, and to a modest visitor such strained courtesy becomes a positive pain.

It is not true hospitality to depart from our regular mode of living when we receive a guest, or surround him by a strange punctilio, which is uncomfortable alike to receiver and to giver. There is a good, old homely sound in the term "pot-luck," which indicates that the guest is to share our fireside, to be one with us, and partake of the goods which may be provided. If we all of us live true lives—lives which we are not ashamed to have the world see and know, if we did not have poor, wretched skeletons hiding in our closets, which we have not heart or bravery enough to clear out of our houses, we could receive our guest into our very homes, and not turn our dwellings into a hostelry for his reception.

That wretched thing which, for a better term, we call pride, but which is really the true demon of covetousness, is forever turning our homes topsy-turvy, creating wretched makeshifts to make an appearance of an over-luxurious board, when we ought to be proud of the simple and homely good fare which we are able to have. How many women possessed of dainty rag carpets, well and tastefully made, over which the sunshine can play forever without any danger of fading them, long anxiously for tapestry carpets, and shut out all the sunshine when they have got them, for fear they may be faded!

It is just this spirit that goes through the whole household, the spirit of dissatisfaction with all the homely surroundings—a desire to introduce show and glitter and false makeshifts of every kind, which does more to break up family happiness and destroy all chance of extending true hospitality to our friends than anything else. If we live true lives, we can bring our friends home at any time that we choose to invite them, and we need not apologize for the simple fare. They will appreciate the old Scriptural adage: "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

She, indeed, is the truest hostess who makes her guests feel more at their ease, who, in the plain old Saxon, can make them at home. The opening of dusty shut-up parlors, which smell of moth-eaten carpets, the parade of the best China on the table with trembling care, lest a piece be broken, the setting forth of so elaborate a *menu* that it tends to gluttony, will never make our friends "at home." If our parlors are always open, and we have no bric-a-bric too fragile to be admired by all the family, if no part of the house is too good for our own living, to be made use of whenever necessary; if, in short, we sacrifice entirely that gloomy sepulchral room, which is still maintained in many old families—the state parlor—we shall live much more natural, easy lives.

We can then receive our friends into the living room, make them at home to the best that we have for ourselves, and we may always be satisfied that it will please them better than any effort of strained hospitality. She learns to be a true hostess who gives her guests their freedom, ever watchful of their wants, yet never allowing them to be aware of that watchfulness.—*New York Tribune.*

Among the most beautiful charities of New York is an estate of about 184 acres, ten miles north of the city, left by the late Robert B. Minturn, as the seat of a number of buildings crowded out of the city itself. Several of them have recently been completed, and are to be dedicated this week. The main object in view in erecting the buildings has been to provide homes, instruction and worship for the boys and girls gathered from the slums of the city by various organizations, such as the "Sheltering Arms," "Children's Fold," etc. Special attention will be given to industrial training.—*Independent.*

A SENSIBLE LETTER FROM LINCOLN.

TO HIS HALF BROTHER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1848.

"*Dear Johnson:*—Your request for $80 I do not think it best to comply with just now. At the various times when I have helped you a little, you have said to me, 'We can get along very well now;' but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again.

"Now, this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What the defect is, I think I know; you are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty, and it is vastly important to you, and still more to the children that you should break this habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they age in it easier than they can get out after they are in.

"You are now in need of some ready money, and what I propose to you is that you shall go to work 'tooth and nail' for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys have charge of things at home—prepare for a crop and make a crop—and you will go to work for the best money—wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get. And to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between now and the first of May, get for your labor, either in money or on your own indebtedness, I will give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten dollars more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines of California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close at home—in Coles county. Now, if you will do this, you will soon be out of debt, and what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting into debt again. But if I should now clear you out, next year you will be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make you, get the seventy or eighty dollars with four or five months' work. You say if I furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you cannot live *with* the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you.

"Affectionately your brother,

"A. LINCOLN."

Freshleigh (to stranger at a reception): "This is a funny house. I came here to-night without an invitation. Stranger: "So did I. How did you come here?" Freshleigh: "Just walked in. How did you come here?" Stranger: "Just walked in. It's my house."—*Vogue.*

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Woman—An Ideal.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

She is a woman; one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its sweet perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

But in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lonely spot
That does not in her sweetness share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chance to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

FATHER ANSELMO'S WINDOW.

Years ago I was traveling with a party in the south of France, when we came to an old monastery. This monastery was very ancient, and many miracles were reported to have been wrought by the saintly relic treasured there, so we were naturally anxious to examine it for ourselves.

I can only say that I was not much impressed, however, by anything I saw, for we had been through a score of such buildings in Europe, not one whit less holy or more dreary than the one under inspection, till at last as we were going away I noticed a peculiar noise, as of some one giving light blows with a small hammer.

"What is that?" I asked of the guide.

"Ah! that is only Father Anselmo at work on his window. He has worked very long making a window of stained glass for the chapel. Would Madame like to see?" and he led the way into a small cell.

There sat an old man, bent and almost blind, busily fitting together small bits of tinted glass. Each bit was held in place with a tiny strip of metal, and was so small that it was hard to believe that a window could ever be made from such tiny pieces.

"How long has he been at work on this window?" I whispered, for there was something venerable, almost pathetic, about this old man.

"Twenty-three years; they say that it is to be a picture of the Christ, and will be most beautiful. Mais parbleu! *he will* never finish; it is death that *will* catch him first!" said the guide, with a most expressive shrug of his shoulders.

We passed out, and away from the little French town. Years rolled away —years full of sorrow and sadness for me. Those I loved best were taken away, and rebellious and lonely, I wandered over the earth, trying to find in excitement and travel the joy which I had lost.

One day I found myself back in the little French town. The bells were ringing for vespers, and half unconsciously I turned toward the chapel of the old monastery. I pushed open the heavy doors, and entered. Candles burned softly on the altar, and cast a dim light through the chapel.

A French peasant knelt here and there on the stone floor; and the voice of the priests sweet and inexpressibly sad rose and fell in the vesper hymn. Although it was almost twilight within and without, a subdued radiance seemed to fill the church. I looked up and saw—for I recognized it at once—Father Anselmo's window.

The light from the setting sun streamed through the tinted glass, and seemed to endow the figure upon it almost with life. There stood the Christ, tender, majestic, pitiful—as I gazed, time and space seemed forgotten, and I was conscious of only Christ the Comforter, speaking to my heart of peace and eternal hope, as no living life had ever spoken.

How long I stood I do not know, but I was roused by a touch on my elbow, and there stood the sacristan, key in hand, ready to close the church.

"It is Father Anselmo's window, is it not?" I asked.

"Truly, I believe so, but I have been here only a few weeks, and the good father is dead these many years, before the window was finished, they say."

"And never saw this beautiful work complete! How hard!" I exclaimed.

"Hard?" repeated the sacristan. "How so? the Christ lives, that is enough, it little matters who made the window. Madame knows that it is the work, not the workman, which counts. The window will last always, and men will see it, and glorify God; what matter that the good father be turned to dust and forgotten? It is the Christ to be glorified, not the man."

And so I think it is in all our lives here. "The Christ is to be glorified, not the man." What matter if there is little outward result of reward! Just as that old monk, year after year, bit by bit, fashioned his conception of the Christ, so by each trial and burden, each prayer and hope, yes, and even by each failure, gradually, little by little, the Christ is formed in us, and we shall be satisfied when we shall awake in his likeness.—*Selected.*

CRADLE SONGS.

In the old New England cabin on Midway Plaisance, among the quaint and old-fashioned bits of furniture, there is an old cradle made out of a barrel. The baby of to-day, even the pampered infant resting on pillows of down in its lace-draped bassinet, misses the luxury that the baby of olden times possessed when the busy mother pushed with her foot the cradle, as she hummed a soft lullaby. But if the cradle is out of date, cradle songs remain and will endure as long as there are tired babies to be hushed to sleep. Every language contains lullabies, and every period of literature shows them.

The baby of ancient Rome drooped his eyes at the soothing words:

"Lalla, lalla, lalla,
Aut dormi, aut lacta."

The Japanese mother tells her child that if he is a good baby he shall eat red beans and fish, while the Chinese mother sings:

"Snail, snail, come out and be fed,
Put out your horns and then your head,
And thy mamma will give thee mutton,
For thou art doubly dear to me."

The little Zulu listens to a song like this:

"Hush, thee, my baby,
Thy mother's o'er the mountains gone;
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river."

There is a Spanish song that tells how—

"The moon was chewing a mellow fig,
The sun was gobbling cabbage big,"

Which shows a resemblance to our own Mother Goose melodies. Of course, among the Germans, with their love of home and children, beautiful lullabies may be expected. A sweet and familiar one is this:

"Sleep, baby, sleep! Thy father guards the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams of thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep! Sleep, baby, sleep!"

Many of the familiar English cradle songs date back to the time of Henry VIII, though when they were first composed it is difficult to discover. Many of them refer to "Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top," and may simply have been suggested by the swaying and soothing motion of the topmost branches of the trees, although one authority traces its origin to the Aryan ancestors of Britain, who dug their houses underground and covered them with the interlaced boughs of trees. Another authority is that "Rock-a-bye, baby," and "Bye, Baby Bunting" come to us from the Indians, as they had a custom of cradling their pappooses among the swaying branches.

The early English poets felt it rather beneath their dignity to compose lullabies, but Tennyson did not think so, and no more beautiful lines came from his pen than the lullaby in "The Princess":

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,"

That has been set to music as beautiful as the words.

Sir Walter Scott wrote another famous lullaby:

"O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see;
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee."

Who has not heard some mother as she nestles her babe to her breast sing Watts' fine old hymn—

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed"?

We none of us can remember the soothing melodies our mothers sang during our days of babyhood, but we can guess at our portion by seeing how the younger brothers and sisters fared, and when we are grown up and too old to be sung to sleep, a remnant of the old hymn stays with us—

"Holy angels guard thy bed,"

And after the toil and trouble of the day are over we can close our eyes peacefully, grateful for the hovering presences we feel are near us, wise, tender and loving.—*Anonymous.*

Chauncey M. Depew has met his match in a Southern minister, who heard that he was advising people to go in debt, if necessary, in order to see the Columbian Exposition, whereupon the minister wrote to Mr. Depew, as follows: "As it comes from such a high authority, I have no choice but to believe what you say. I have been laboring hard in the Lord's vineyard in the South for twenty-two years and have never had a holiday. I was always afraid to go in debt, but as your advice is general, I thought I would ask you to loan me $200."—*Zion's Herald.*

Bridget: "The new neighbors next door wants to cut their grass, and they say as would ye be so kind as to lend them your sickle." Puritanical Mistress: "Lend my sickle to cut grass on the Sabbath! Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't any."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Tom: "Yes, Molly and I were out pretty long last night; but the tide was so strong it was hard to come back very fast." Alice: "Yes; I remember in Physics it says the length of the spark is proportional to the strength of the current."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"THERE WILL BE ROOM IN HEAVEN."

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats; for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly-dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, his learning, his intellect, his goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she went into the pew of the richest member of the church, and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something; but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said, gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable—quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I'll see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I am not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—."

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly in a polite, underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she arose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said, gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr.——— preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing herself into our pew. Isn't that voluntary lovely! There's Dr.——— coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he promised to dine with us while he is here."

He is a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and, as he looked over the crowd of worshipers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly, leaning over the reading desk, he beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive the mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its other occupants making room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," answered that functionary, in an injured tone. —*Selected.*

We were very much edified the other day by hearing an intelligent man who had taken the Keeley cure for tobacco, express himself most emphatically against the habit. He spoke in defense of the rights of those who did not use the weed, and especially did he defend the wife of the tobacco user. Since this man has stopped the habit he has discovered how offensive it is to those who have not contracted the habit. He sees, as a matter of civil right, that those to whom tobacco is offensive should not be compelled to suffer simply to gratify a selfish habit. If those who use tobacco will stop to consider how distressing it is for a non-user of the weed to be compelled to breathe the smoke of tobacco, they will understand why we protest. Think of a pure, clean woman being obliged to breathe tobacco smoke, or smell the breath of one who has just finished his cigar or laid aside his pipe.—*The Progressive Age.*

A writer defines Boston marriages as "sympathetic unions between two women who select a common home and agree to live together and share each other's burdens."

Household.

SWEET PICKLED WATERMELON RINDS.—A writer in *Harper's Bazar* gives the following directions: Peel the rinds with a sharp knife that will take off the green skin evenly. Trim off also every trace of the pink flesh of the fruit, because it is too juicy to make a firm crisp pickle. Then cut the strips of rind into small pieces, two to three inches long, and placing them in a large earthen dish, sprinkle them lightly and evenly with salt. Cover the dish, and let it stand over night. In the morning drain off the water that will have formed, rinse the rinds in cold water, and cook them in a steamer until a broom splint will readily pierce them. Cooking the rinds by steam is an easy method, as they are less liable to burn than when cooked in the spiced vinegar. When the rinds are tender, take them out carefully with a skimmer and put them into a stone jar. Take good cider vinegar for the basis of the pickle. Allow a pound of sugar to a pint of vinegar, and add also half an ounce of stick cinnamon broken into inch pieces, and a half-teaspoonful each of whole cloves and blades of mace. The whole amount of vinegar, sugar and spices used must, of course, depend on the quantity of rinds to be pickled; but a quart of vinegar is usually sufficient for the rinds of a medium-sized melon. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices together vigorously half an hour, skimming off the froth, and pour the pickle boiling hot over the rinds. Press the rinds down under the pickle by means of an earthen plate or saucer, fasten the cover on, and tie a cloth over the whole. These pickles will be ready for use in two weeks.

ORANGES INSTEAD OF SOAP.—The housewives in Florida have found a new use for oranges. They scrub the floors with them. Go into almost any town in the orange-growing districts and you will see the women using the luscious fruit exactly as our housekeepers use soap. They cut the oranges in halves and rub the flat exposed pulp on the floor. The acid in the oranges doubtless does the cleaning, but, at any rate, the boards are very white after the application. It is thought that lemons would be better than oranges for this purpose, because of the additional acidity.

LIKE THE POTATO.—A new vegetable is about to be introduced to the people of the United States through the department of agriculture. It is the root of the calla lily, which resembles somewhat in appearance the ordinary Irish tuber, with the addition of a few fibrous roots, that have nothing to do with the qualities of the article as an esculent. So prolific and palatable is the root of that plant that their propagation in many parts of the United States where conditions are favorable may reasonably be looked forward to as an agricultural industry of the future.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

IVY KEEPS A WALL DRY.—The growth of ivy on the walls of houses renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stones for its own sustenance, by means of its tiny roots, which work their way into the hardest stone. The overlapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground, without allowing the walls to receive any moisure whatever from the beating rain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When General O. O. Howard was in Chattanooga, a beggar with a withered arm, from which the fingers and part of the hand were missing, came up to him and asked for alms. The general, with a twinkle in his eye, held out his empty sleeve and said: "You are better off than I am, for you have your arm left, while I have lost mine." The cripple gazed at the empty sleeve for am oment and then extracted fifteen cents from the pocket of his tattered jeans trousers. "Here," he said, turning to General Howard; "this is all I've got, but you're welcome to it." There was a general laugh at the expense of the distinguished commander of the department of the East, and he made the man happy by giving him a silver dollar.

Smythe: "Is Brobson married?" Tompkins: "Yes; I believe he has thirty wives." Smythe: "Thirty wives?" Tompkins: "About that number, I believe. At any rate, about a month ago, when I last saw him, he told me that he expected to be married every day."—*Puck.*

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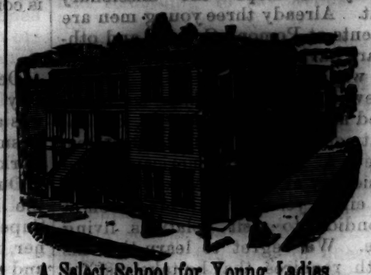

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Southern California.

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GENERAL NOTES.

Our friends will enjoy the World's Fair article upon this page.

Teachers of Sabbath-school should read with care, and should act upon, the Model Teachers' Meeting, and they will find food for thought in Secretary Case's Sunday-school notes, which appear each week.

We thank our friends for liberal contribution of matter for the eighth page. The Washington Letter is effectually crowded out for the present.

CHURCH NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Our church at Escondido is making solid growth under the faithful pastoral care of Rev. H. M. Voorhees. Congregations are good and steadily increasing. New families are moving into the valley and are quickly made to feel at home in the church by the kindly visits and ministrations of both the pastor and the members.

The Y. P. S. C. E. is growing, and already develops the missionary spirit. Already three young men are students at Pomona College, and others are having their attention turned that way.

Rev. J. L. Pearson was so indisposed as to be unable to fill his appointment October 8th at Encinitas.

Rev. A. B. Case, American Board Missionary at Parral, Mexico, for the past eight years, is expected soon at Escondido to visit relations living there. We regret to learn that his health requires that he take rest for a year. It is hoped that he may be able while regaining health to do some gospel work, perhaps to aid in starting evangelical work among the many Spanish-speaking people in Southern California.

Professor W. B. Shaw of Pomona College has been called home to Wisconsin by the death of his father. His attention is required in the settlement of the estate, and his return is uncertain.

Rev. F. J. Culver is undertaking to rest in Pasadena. There is no cessation of the headache. He keeps his interest in passing events, however, and writes to have an item from Santa Monica corrected. THE PACIFIC gave the morning audience on October 1st as 65; it should have been 51. He wishes to have the correction made.

The Baptists organized in Perris last Sunday afternoon with sixteen members. Perris now has a Congregational church with eighty-five members, a Methodist church with about sixty members, a Baptist church with sixteen members, and a German Methodist church that is just now in a state of suspended animation because of lack of members. The Congregationalists, the Methodists and German Methodists have church buildings, and the Baptists will hold their services in the little German church. It is the purpose of the Baptists to hold only occasional services—possibly once a month—until they are stronger.

Rev. W. W. Tinker, the Baptist General Missionary for Southern California and Arizona, preached to the Perris Congregationalists last Sunday, both morning and evening. He gave us good, helpful sermons on "The Christian—Christ's Representative in the World," and "Peace for the World to be Found Only in Christ."

A private letter from a friend in Redlands brings this word concerning the new pastor of the First church there: "We are all rejoicing in the coming to us of our new pastor, Rev. J. H. Williams, recently of Kansas City. He is a quiet man, but solid in the truth, and preaches excellent sermons. We look forward to a time of spiritual prosperity, and are hopeful that all things will be well with us."

The printed program of the General Association which is to be held at Pomona, November 7th, 8th and 9th, has just reached my desk. According to that program the "Narrative of the State of Religion in our Churches: Summary of Reports," is to be given on the afternoon of the 8th. That "summary" will be given if the reports from the churches are received in time to prepare it. A request for a report was sent to each of our sixty-seven churches over two weeks ago, and up to date fifteen of the sixty-seven churches have been heard from. Do as you would be done by, brethren, if *you* were preparing the "narrative," and *send* in your reports "as soon as possible" to W. N. Burr, Perris, Cal.

Rev. George Cochran, for fourteen years missionary in Japan under the Canadian Methodist Church, is called to the pastorate of the church in Santa Monica, and accepts. He is said to have returned from Japan for the health of his wife, and to be a most acceptable preacher and pastor.

Rev. J. F. Brown is called to the pastorate of the Third church of Los Angeles. Brother Brown, though he comes to us from the M. E. Church, was formerly for ten years a member of a Congregational church, and has for some time desired to return to the Congregational fellowship. He regards his change as a coming home. He comes with excellent commendations from churches with which he has labored.

Rev. George Morris has been called by the West End church, Los Angeles, and has moved from Avalon and taken up his residence in the neighborhood of that church. He is expected to minister also to the church at Eagle Rock. His residence is 2831 Hyans street. His postoffice address is 1658 Temple street.

The population of Avalon is said to be smaller than usual this winter—only about sixty. Rev. H. A. Brown, pastor of the church there, has organized a singing school that meets once a week. A society for the study of the natural sciences, which has been organized for about two years, meets once in two weeks. By these, in addition to church services and prayer-meeting, the pastor hopes to attract, instruct and bless the people during the season in which the island is comparatively deserted.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

October 1st was observed as Rally Day by several of our schools. It was a good plan for reviving enthusiasm, and getting the new year's work in hand.

Our school at Buena Park mourns the loss of its nearly three years' Superintendent, Brother John Tanner, who has removed to Los Angeles and already found a place of work in Bethlehem school. But Mr. R. V. Brydon, the Assistant Superintendent, comes to the front with the earnest purpose that the school shall not fall below its former standard. Superintendent Case made them a visit October 1st.

A local Sunday-school Convention was organized in Escondido October 5th. About twelve schools in the vicinity were represented. Superintendent Case assisted the organization, and gave an address on "The Value of Teachers' Meetings."

Speaking of teachers' meetings is to many Sunday-school workers harping on a broken string. Theoretically, all believe in their value; practically, very few do. Only eighteen of our ninety schools reported teachers' meetings in 1892. The usual reason for neglecting them in village and city schools is, "No time, every evening used with some other meeting." The country schools either do not feel their importance, or yield to the difficulty of getting the workers together on a week day or night. Sunday-school workers should give this matter of teachers' meetings renewed attention. Read "The Model Teachers' Meeting," found elsewhere in these columns.

Sunday, October 8th, Superintendent Case organized a school of twenty at Moosa, in San Diego county. The same day a school of fifteen was organized by Dr. N. J. Rice, assisted by Rev. H. M. Voorhees of Escondido, at Glenella, about six miles south. The same day Superintendent Case revived the mission school at Twin Oaks, and supplied the Congregational pulpit at Escondido the same night. There are now five Sunday-schools in regions tributary to Escondido which receive aid from our Sunday-school Society.

On Thursday, October 5th, a union Sunday-school Convention was held in the Congregational church at Escondido. It will probably meet semi-annually, and will be of great value to the fifteen or more schools within that territory.

The mission school at Olivenheim is holding on steadily under the faithful lead of Mr. Lee Chaffin, who also has charge of our school at Encinitas.

Our school at Oceanside sends for supplies, and will use the Pilgrim Lesson Helps entirely after this quarter.

Plymouth church, Los Angeles, is having a good growth. It has over seventy enrolled members.

Superintendent Case aided in organizing a Union Teachers' or "Sunday-school Workers' Meeting at Escondido on October 7th. It proposes to meet weekly, but will *not* be a *weakly* meeting.

By the way, let all Sunday-school Superintendents and teachers examine that *list* of books in October *Pilgrim Teacher*. It is just such a list as every Sunday-school ought to have for its *workers*. Let your Sunday-school Executive Committee or Library Committee select and secure at once at least a half-dozen of those books to begin with, such as Schaff's Bible Dictionary, Hurlbert's Manual of Bible Geography, Blakie's Manual of Bible History, Primer of Christian Evidences, "The Model Sunday-school," by Dr. Boynton, and the Sunday-school Primary Teacher's Manual.

During the next six months every teacher in our schools could and ought to read through each of the above books, save the first, which should often be consulted as a book of reference. The school that will spend $7.50 in purchasing those books, and require its teachers to stand an examination on the same on or before next Children's Day will develop into a truly successful school. Try it.

Six scholars in the schools under the care of Rev. J. A. Rogers have gained prizes of Bibles by attendance and study during the quarter just ended.

The school at Needles finds the library obtained from our Publishing House last spring very helpful. They have just ordered three dozen gospel hymns with music.

FROM HERE, THERE AND ANYWHERE.

In a letter received from the pastor at Highlands a few days ago, I find this bit of news: "Seventy-five were present at the Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting last Sunday. That is rather more than the average attendance. The Endeavorers, *every one*, remain to evening service. The Society is a great help in our church work."

God bless those Highlands Endeavorers. If we had seventy-five Christian Endeavorers, perhaps numbers would help us to solve a problem that is just now puzzling our brains somewhat. We have an attendance of about twenty-five at the first part of the Endeavor prayer-meeting; and ours is a one-room church. How can twenty-five Christian Endeavorers have a good meeting in a room that is large enough to hold nearly two hundred, while people are coming into the evening service during the last half of the Christian Endeavor hour? If any of the pastors, or anybody else have ready answers to that question, I suggest that they write them out for our page of THE PACIFIC. It will help to crowd the "Washington Letter" off the Southern California page, and may be helpful to some of us who have small Endeavor Societies and no lecture room.

If somebody else had asked the question, and I had not been trying, as I have been, to find its answer, I would probably have been ready to answer it at once in this way: "Seat your twenty-five Endeavorers in a body on the front seats. That sort of concentration is conducive to concentration of thought. They will be less easily disturbed by those who are coming in, if they are all crowded to the front. When the elbows touch, the size of the room is forgotten, and disturbing influences have less power." But I ask the question just because I do not succeed very well in making that plan work. How can Christian Endeavorers or any other prayer-meeting folks be persuaded to crowd into the front seats? Has anybody ever succeeded in training them so they would go straight to those seats when they entered the room? How did you do it?

That was a good topic the Endeavorers had last Sunday night: "I am ready." Perhaps ours will be more ready hereafter to pass by the vacant back seats and crowd to the front, for one of them said last Sunday night: "I am always ready when there is some big thing to be done; but I have not so much of the ready spirit that I am always faithful in little things." Perhaps that young man will yet lead our Society to the front seats. I wonder if, when we sing, "Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord," at the consecration meeting, we ought not to include the obligation to sit in the right place at the prayer-meetings among the duties of a consecrated Christian? I am sure it would help to answer the question, "How can a small Endeavor Society have a good meeting in the audience-room just before the Sunday evening service?

By the way, here is another item of news in my letter from Highlands that I think I am at liberty to use here: They are writing the number of their church membership with three figures now—101. Ontario is following Highlands closely, only four behind, and some of the rest of us are but a little way behind Ontario.

The first day of October marked an epoch in the history of Perris as in that of other places, I suppose, in Riverside county. On that day the prohibition law of the new county went into effect, and we have now no visible saloon. What there may be in the line of invisible saloons I am sure I do not know. For a long time we have been cursed with three of these traps—the "visible" kind I mean—in our little town. Two of them closed their doors, however, early in the summer. Last Saturday night the third one gave a farewell reception, spreading an elegant table of things eatable and drinkable before its guests. At 12 o'clock the concern put out its lights and quit the business, so I am told. To an outside observer it certainly looks dead this week, and I suppose it is. Just now the only visible signs of a saloon in Perris are the painted signs which have not yet been removed—I mean those painted on windows, and boards, and canvas, not on noses. There is really no demand in Southern California for saloons to do nose-painting. The sun can easily attend to all the business there is here in that line, and he ought to have the entire trade. In certain kinds of business, monopoly is all right.

PERRIS, Oct. 4, 1893. W. N. BURR.

SOME WORLD'S FAIR IMPRESSIONS.

They are only *impressions*. Dare not assert they are truths, hardly convictions. What else but impressions can one in the busy grind of mid-life carry away after only five days' hurried glances? In fact they were nearly *instantaneous impressions*, as they say in photography; all the same they abide in my memory and mind.

1. The World's Fair is big. Its bigness cannot be told. I know that the omniscient and omnipresent daily press has kept us informed for two years of the pounds of earth removed, iron and mortar brought on the ground—the $20,000,000 of expense and the $200,000,000 worth of exhibits installed in those oriental palaces at the White City. But to see all this with the seeing eye makes one wish he too were big and bigger—that he had the eyes of a fly or a cyclops. Big buildings, big statuary, big fountains, big machinery, and the big wheel. "Forty acres of floor under one roof;" just as well call it a hundred acres so far as comprehending its bigness; 20,000 horse-power dynamos, furnishing the electric light, power and heat for the World's Fair. A regular Kansas cyclone captured and harnessed for service.

The Wheel! Yes, we rode on it! Big! Well, yes—and yet the thing which carried 1,400, more or less, of us on its tire like flies on the rim of a grindstone is handled so easily by that little man at the lever down there, 265 feet below you, that you take everything for granted, and only wonder that Mr. Ferris, while about it, did not build it bigger.

2. It is a wonderful dream! A dream? Yes! Somebody must have dreamed long and laboriously. In its component parts and complete whole, it is a dream of architect, poet, romancer, alchemist and merchant. It remains like a dream in my memory. I shall have to read and re-read my note-books, and question my fellow-voyagers to certify myself that it was a reality of solid materials that I saw. Shall I specify the wonders! You know they cannot be described. But here are a few of my wonderments: I wondered that any men could be so reckless of history's teaching as to think that $20,000,000 could be so invested in the preparation and inauguration of this fair as in six months, or six centuries for that matter, to bring back a compensation for the investment.

I wondered that the world's nations, so long at enmity, could be induced to greet each other thus peacefully in the rivalry of making a display of their material possessions.

I wondered at the big Krupp gun. Why did Mr. Krupp (and his thousands of workmen) make it? How did he make it, and why did he make it? And, while wondering, I wonder what good it has done or can do, and will he make another bigger one?

I wondered if the world is any happier because Tiffany has a few million dollars' worth of diamonds and jewels on exhibition in that beautiful, well-guarded pavilion under the big dome!

I wondered, and I wonder, what our children will find to do when that world enswathing force called electricity shall have been harnessed to all the machinery displayed in the electrical building. I fancy their main work will be to keep ceaseless watch lest they be overwhelmed by this force, etherealized and spirited away into Nervana.

I wondered whether "Beauty and the Beast" are identical; as at nearly every turn in the Palace of Fine Arts I was confronted and effronted by several Adams and Eves in paradise costume, minus the fig-leaves! I was too much surprised to apologize for my intrusion into their presence, and I am sure they were equally so, for they remained mute. I came out, wondering whether I was in the Palace of Art, or "Pap Wyman's" saloon-dance-house at Leadville, the once "wickedest city" in America. And I still wonder how many will graduate from that part of "The World's People's University" sufficiently pure in heart to "see God." And I wondered if, mid all that vast material display of the achievement of human thought, the Master would see anything so pleasing as the work being done in the Children's Building.

3. It is a mighty character builder. Those millions who elbow each other in the White City go out the turnstiles different men and women than when they first entered the grounds. That world of things has begotten in them new thoughts; and thoughts leave their residuum of character. Souls ought to take on more godlikeness under the multitudinous thoughts there inspired—for the real exhibit in the World's Fair is *Man*. Not the myriad forms of matter which has been shaped by man's cunning hand, but man, the shaper, is on exhibition. I believe that, as the larger part of these productions and inventions are designed to benefit mankind, therefore the manifested characteristics of their inventors or producers are kin to divine benevolence. To discover this truth is to be influenced by it; as it were, "changed into the same image." Much more shall this benefit result if the visitors remember that the Creator is present in creatures, and that not only horticultural and mining halls are the exhibits of God's handiwork, but it is he who gave Edison his cunning, and the World's Fair Directors their grand conceptions, whose realization the world now applauds. Rightly tempered souls, under the subtle shaping influences of World's Fair thoughts, shall be built Godward in their characters.

We had other impressions, and still have them. Some were received elsewhere in that great city by the Lake. If they abide, and seem profitable, they may "see the light" later.

H. P. CASE.

REV. E. A. STARKEY.

The funeral of Rev. Ethelbert A. Starkey, the newly elected pastor of the church in Compton, was attended at that place Friday, September 29th. The gathering was large. Many ministers were present, especially of the United Brethren, with whom, at his death, he was still connected, and of Congregational pastors in fellowship with the church whose call he had accepted.

The following facts were presented in a sketch of his life read at the funeral service by Rev. E. A. Mansur of Ontario: He was born June 3, 1854, at Cuba, N. Y., where he grew to manhood. He took a full classical course in Otterbein University, at Westerville, Ohio, graduating with the class of 1879. He married in May, 1880, Anna McFadden, a graduate from the same University. In September, 1879, he entered the ministry, connecting himself with the Sandusky Conference of the United Brethren in Christ. He served churches at Fostoria and Findlay, and was then elected Presiding Elder; but preferring the work of the pastorate, he declined re-election after one year's service, and removed to a church within the bounds of the Miami Conference, where, besides doing the full work of a pastor, he pursued the regular course of theological study at Lane Seminary (Presbyterian), and later served some of the best charges in the Conference with great efficiency. He was ministering to the Oak-street church in Dayton, Ohio, when he was selected, in the spring of 1891, by the Board of Missions of his Church to open a mission in the city of Los Angeles. He immediately entered upon this work, continued in it nearly two years, during which time, with many anxieties, toils and deprivations, he gathered a church, and secured the building of a house of worship. But he was reduced in health and gave up his charge, sought rest and recuperation for a time at the seaside, then accepted a call to the Congregational church at Compton. He preached only one Sabbath after accepting the call, was stricken with fever, and, after about four weeks' sickness, died September 27, 1893.

Though his service in Compton was so short, word comes from that church: "We have little hope of finding a pastor who can take his place in the affections of the people." The church will be supplied for the month of October by volunteer services from neighboring ministers.

LIGHT ON THE PATHWAY.

"If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine."

The principle enunciated by our Saviour here is as fundamental as it is simple. It does not mean obedience to this or that commandment, nor to the letter of all the commandments, but nothing less than total self-surrender to the will of God. If any man choose to do His will—take the will of God to be the rule of his life—he shall know. This means that Christ will be revealed to him as he cannot be revealed to the world.

A noted skeptic once sneeringly said to a Christian: "Why do you believe in Jesus?"

"I have an argument that you cannot understand," was the answer. "Christ is in my heart." Christian experience is the best argument to one's own mind; and the natural, sweet, unobtrusive testimony to this is the best evidence to give to others.

To one who has realized the presence of an indwelling Christ there comes the sweetest consciousness of the reality of spiritual things. Continued obedience to the divine will lifts the veil that hangs between us and God.

Have you ever tried this, my friend? If not, try it now. Go to your room, kneel alone before God, confess your sins, promise your Heavenly Father that you will, by his help, do only his will so far as you know it and are able, and ask him to help you. He will lead you into the light; you cannot fail. It is a very simple way, but it is God's way. God's ways are all simple. EVANGEL.

"THE MODEL TEACHERS' MEETING."

It is a gathering of the Superintendent and workers of a live Sunday-school. Its numbers may be three or three hundred. Its object is better preparation for the great work which the church has put upon these workers. These workers come together desiring (1) more knowledge of the Scripture, which they expect to teach their scholars; (2) more knowledge of the school—its methods and needs—in which they are working; (3) more spiritual power by which to reach the *object* of true Sunday-school services. For the attainment of these several desires, this teachers' meeting acts. What is its action?

1. It organizes—has a leader, a Secretary and a Treasurer, if necessary. The leader may best be the Superintendent. He is at the head of the school and ought to be at the head of his corps of workers. He can best plan and present the business to be considered at the meeting. He knows what specialities from the Scripture lesson ought to be most emphasized. If he wants to do so, let him call in for a particular lesson presentation either his pastor or any theological specialist he thinks best. But he is, by virtue of the office entrusted to him, the real leader of his teachers. He will therefore not only be at his teachers' meeting promptly, open it on time, conduct its business, and lead its prayers, but will also come to it with a definite knowledge of the next Sunday's lesson, and be able to guide and assist his teachers in their preparation of it.

2. After prayer for Divine aid in the work, thirty minutes may well be spent in careful study of the lesson. Every teacher will doubtless contribute some knowledge to the general store, and give her proposed method of teaching this lesson on the coming Sabbath. The Superintendent will have an outline of the general and specific truths which he desires the teachers to present to their classes, leaving to the teacher the liberty of adjusting and applying the truth to individuals. Such conference, study and planning will furnish each teacher with some definite truths and aid her in the presentation of them. It will also prevent incongruous teachings, not to say contradictory, so that the reviewer of the school will not be surprised by conflicting answers, as not infrequently happens in those schools having no teachers' meetings. Studying the Scriptures is therefore an important part of the work of a model teachers' meeting.

3. It transacts business. Business is necessary in every organization. The Sunday-school is an organization; these workers are to carry on its business. At this meeting is the place for all business concerning the school which is committed to these workers. Here is the place to consider such matters as classification of scholars, or rewards and discipline. The initiation of all extra work, as concerts, picnics, etc.; financial methods and the plans of benevolences; literature, library and lesson helps; all these things should be considered at the teachers' meeting, and not *at first* in the presence of the scholars in the school.

The settlement of business matters is usually in the democratic way—the majority ruling. Such matters as need higher authority should be referred to the church, whose servants these Sunday-school workers are. If the school stands independent of any church, then the supreme authority is usually recognized in the whole school voting with due deliberation.

4. The model teachers' meeting will be earnest in prayer, either opening or closing its sessions with a season of united prayer. Remembeirng that these workers are set, not only to instruct their scholars in certain religious truths, but also to secure, if possible, their conversion and salvation, they will be exceedingly anxious to have the co-operation of God, who alone is the Saviour of the soul. By prayer they will put themselves into harmony with God, and obtain the full equipment for complete service. Such gathering of Sunday-school workers may be called a "Model Teachers' Meeting." Does it exist? Yes; we have attended them. Are they numerous? There might and ought to be more of them. How have them?

1. Feel their *need*.

2. Let any Sunday-school worker feeling the need urge his fellow-worker to join him in securing such a meeting. Keep stirring the matter until the Superintendent and a majority of the workers, also, feel its need.

3. Let a definite place of the meeting be made out beforehand.

4. Agree upon a time and place.

5. Conscientiously attend every meeting and carry out every program. So, you have a model teachers' meeting.